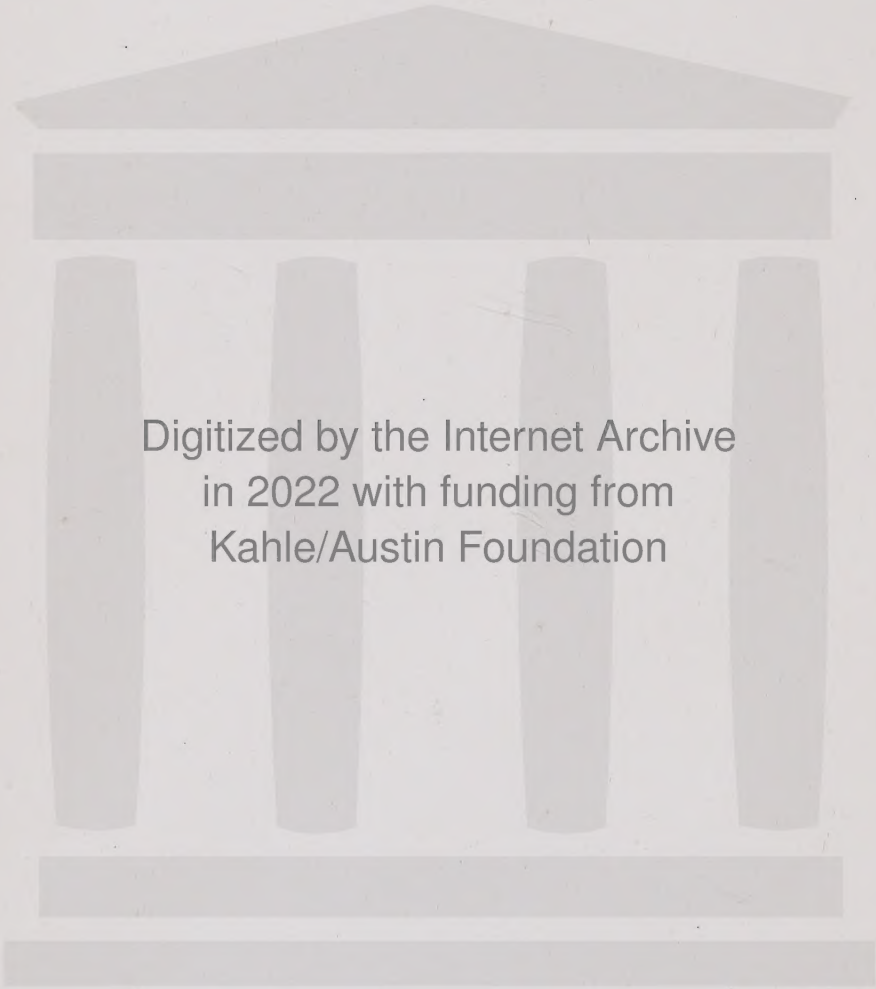
MANY THOUGHTS FOR MANY HOURS

COMPILED BY

Mrs. ALICE L. WILLIAMS


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/manythoughtsform0000alic

MANY THOUGHTS

—FOR—

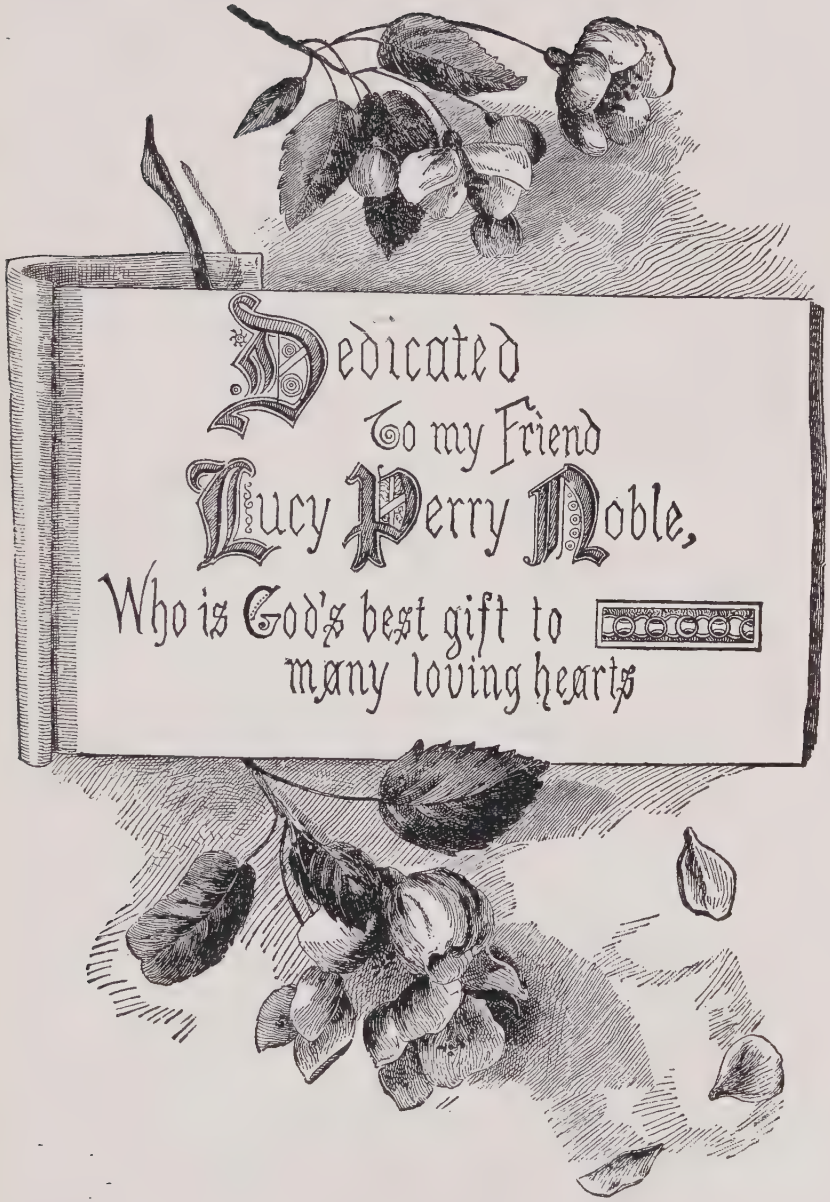
MANY HOURS.

COLLECTED BY

ALICE L. WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO:
MORRILL, HIGGINS & CO.
1892.

COPYRIGHT.
ALICE L. WILLIAMS.
1883.


Dedicated
To my Friend
Lucy Perry Noble,
Who is God's best gift to
many loving hearts

Go, little booke: God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part, or all.

CHAUCER.

THE editor desires to express publicly her very cordial thanks to the authors who have so kindly given her permission to use poems, and extracts from their prose writings, for this work; also to make especial mention of the generous courtesy of the following publishers controlling copyrights: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; J. R. Osgood & Co.; J. B. Lippincott & Co.; D. Appleton & Co.; Roberts Brothers; and The Century Co.

MANY THOUGHTS FOR MANY HOURS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

DRAWN BY IRENE E. JEROME.

	PAGE.
Hymn to the Flowers..*Frontispiece*	
Dedication	v
Many Thoughts for Many Hours	25
From "The Waterfall"	43
The Shell	59
The Ocean	81
Nature	93
Hepaticas	114
Notice on My Door	123
To a Waterfowl	132
To an Oriole	142
Over the Mountains High	147
Golden-Rod	152
Sweet Peas	165
In Blossom Time	175
Summer Studies	185
The Spirit of Love is Moving There	196
Bright as is the Sun, Green as are the Leaves	211
Ferns, Beautiful Ferns	224
Ferns, Feathery Ferns	225
As Flows the River	241
Autumn	255
Paths of the Fields	271
A Rose Song	275
Longing	293
Daffodils	305
Hare-Bells	321
Common Things	335
The Soul Compared to a River	341
Evening Brings Us Home	345

CONTENTS.

ABRAHALL, HOSKYNS, PAGE.
Birds 128
ADDISON, JOSEPH,
Cheerful Life 182
AIKEN, BERKLEY,
Uncrowned Kings 290
ALDRICH, T. B.,
A Hopeful Disposition 178
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM,
A Day on the Hills 90
ALGER, W. R.,
Among the Mountains 98
ALCOTT, LOUISA M.,
The Cheerfulness of Life 182
ALISON, ARCHIBALD,
On George Washington 247
ANDREW JOHN A.,
The Field is Too Wide 285
ANNAN, ANNIE R.,
Recompense 163
ANONYMOUS,
A Spring Song 120
Artemus Ward 257
Autumn 256
At Beethoven's Grave 253
Arabic Inscription 179
As Flows the River 241
Countless Gold 181
Chrysanthemums 122

ANONYMOUS—*Continued,* PAGE.
Common Sense 347
Evening Brings Us Home 345
Faith, Hope and Love 338
Gems of the Orient 58
Girlhood 71
George Washington 247
He Mistakes Who Tries 187
Inscription on a Library 194
Is It True? 339
Love Is The Priceless Thing 53
New Year's Day 34
Noble Deeds 292
Poems Unwritten 188
Praise Not Thy Work 351
Power of Religious Influence 333
Russian Proverb 352
Sunshine Like Love 182
So Sweet and Fair 72
The Noblest Prayer 113
Only Avenue of Bliss 319
The Secret 79
The Richest of All 56
We Often Fail 299
What Others Think 349

ARNOLD, MATTHEW,
Calm Me 339
On Goethe 232
On Shakespeare 228

AUERBACH, BERTHOLD,
Extracts 351

BACON, FRANCIS, PAGE.
Power to Do Good..... 57

BALZAC, HONORÈ DE
Prayer..... 341

BATES, CHARLOTTE FISKE,
The Living Book..... 195
Satisfied..... 154
Music..... 61

BAYNE, MRS. J. S.,
Hepaticas..... 114

BEECHER, HENRY WARD,
Refinement..... 276

BENNETT, WILLIAM C.,
Paths of the Fields..... 271

BJORNSEN, E.,
I Shall Journey Far..... 147

BLAKE, WILLIAM,
Kiss Joy as it Flies..... 164

BLACKIE, J. S.,
Three Blissful Words..... 170

BLIND, MATHILDE,
The Street Children's Dance.. 64

BONAR, HORATIUS,
The Inner Calm..... 154

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS,
No Just Censure..... 351
Impatience..... 351

BRONTE, CHARLOTTE,
A Picture from Shirley..... 156

BROOKE, LORD,
The Chief Use..... 55

BROOKE, STOPFORD A.,
The Hopes of March..... 83
Life of God Revealed..... 84
A Bright Spot..... 273

BROWNING, ROBERT, PAGE.
The Twins..... 54
Spring..... 156
He Fixed Thee..... 338
It Must Oft Fall Out..... 299
The Preliminary Step..... 273
Things Painted..... 258
Little Praise..... 184
Abt Vogler..... 61

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT,
Sonnet..... 52
From "Aurora Leigh"..... 204
Earnest Work..... 298
Wrong..... 350

BRYANT, WILLIAM C.,
To a Waterfowl..... 132
Glimpses..... 85
A Dance of Leaves..... 334
I Would Not Always Reason.. 350

BUDDHA,
From "The Drammapada"... 338

BURNS, ROBERT,
Charity..... 352
Hope..... 177
Still O'er These Scenes..... 119

BYRON, LORD,
On the Castle of Chillon..... 89

CAREW, LADY ELIZABETH,
If I be Silent..... 352

CARLYLE, JANE WELSH,
The Swallow at Craigenputtoch, 134

CARLYLE, THOMAS,
Portrait of Dante..... 237
On Verse..... 189
On the Book of Job..... 193
Extracts..... 288
The Wealth of Man..... 53

CARY, ALICE,
Not What We Think..... 298
Kindness..... 57

CARY, PHŒBE, PAGE.
Winter Flowers 117
Christ 36

CAMPBELL, THOMAS,
From "Pleasures of Hope".... 176

CHAPMAN, GEORGE,
Virtue 133

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY,
Gentleness 334

CHARLES, ELIZABETH,
Not Grudgingly or of Necessity 50
Service 355

CHADWICK, JOHN W.,
By the Seashore 87
Life Worth Living 273

CHANNING, HENRY WM.,
My Symphony 344

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA,
Mementoes of Birthdays 164
Some Human Beings 210

CHRISTIAN UNION,
Policy—Principle 273
Whole Wisdom of Life 273

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN,
What Is Being Religious? 46

COBBE, FRANCES POWER,
Rest In The Lord 329

COLERIDGE, S. T.,
The Bible 194
Shakespeare 226

CONDER, JOSIAH,
Day by Day 80

COLLYER, ROBERT,
Under the Snow 32

COOKE, ROSE TERRY,
Trailing Arbutus 104

COOK, JOSEPH,
Duty 292
From a Lecture 215

COOLBRITH, INA D., PAGE.
In Blossom Time 175

COWLEY, ABRAHAM,
True Delight 149

COWPER, WILLIAM,
Salvation 314
Great Offices 116
An Idler 350
God Made the Country 125
Communion with the Skies 164

CONGREVE, WILLIAM,
Music 304

CORNWALL, BARRY,
Common Things 335

COTTON, CHARLES,
A Delight 179

COOPER, J. F.,
Most Worthy 349

COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND,
Watchwords 296

CRAIK, DINAH MULOCH,
Philip, My King 78

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER P.,
Thought 295

CURTIS, GEORGE W.,
On Nathaniel Hawthorne 243
On Robert Burns 188
On Poetry 188

DANTE ALIGHIERI,
Heaven's Light 42

DERZHAVEN, GAB'L ROMANOWITCH,
God 171

DE STAEL, MME.,
To Pray Together 339

DE VERE, MARY A.,
My Child 76

DEKKER, THOMAS,
The Happy Heart 178

DE KOVEN, DR.,
Sin and its Consequences 333

DICKENS CHARLES, PAGE.
Earnestness 298

DIMAN, J. LEWIS,
The Soul 339

DIDEROT, DENIS,
Sentences 27

DODGE, MARY MAPES,
Cheerful Trust 181

DOMMET, ALFRED,
A Christmas Hymn 23

DORR, JULIA C. R.
Goldenrod 152
The Fallow Field 143

ELIOT, GEORGE,
A Bright Spring Day 154
From "Legend of Jubal" 259
From "Agatha" 260
From "How Lisa Loved the King" 262
From "A Minor Prophet" 262
From "Brother and Sister" 263
What Times are Little 187
Extracts 311
Duties 281
From "Adam Bede" 221
From "Armgart" 267
O May I Join the Choir Invisible 268

ELIZABETH, QUEEN,
I Pluck Goodlisome Herbs 28

ELY, JOSEPH A.,
Longing 293

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO,
On Shakespeare 227
On Milton 240
On Abraham Lincoln 233
On George Herbert 235
From "The Problem" 98
Literary Reputation 210
Cheerfulness 274

EMERSON, R. W.—*Continued,* PAGE.
Discontent 182
Poetry 191
The Rhodora 127
Pitiful 57
Personal Vigor 298
Love's Nobility 222
Extracts 302

FABER, FREDERICK WM.,
Autumn 255
Harsh Judgments 282

FAWCETT, EDGAR,
To An Oriole 142
A Humming Bird 131

FINCH, FRANCIS M.,
The Execution of Nathan Hale, 251

FOSTER, JOHN,
A Great Fault 273

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN,
Serving Others 346

FRANCES, CONVERS,
Questions and Doubts 315

FREELAND, WILLIAM,
A Nook and a Book 209

FIELDS, JAMES T.,
Perseverance 297

FULLER, THOMAS,
A Public Office 949
Difference of Opinion 350

GANNETT, W. C.,
Flowers 165
Aunt Phillis' Guest 157
Listening for God 151

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD,
Sonnet 354

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON,
Through Love to Light 153

GILL, T. H.,
Be Bright 44

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, PAGE.
Lose This Day Loitering 300
The Golden Age..... 181
Shakespeare 227
Hold Fast the Best Things..... 269
Enlighten My Heart..... 315

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER,
The Village Preacher..... 248

GIEBEL, EMANUEL,
Beauty, Truth..... 57

GREENWELL, DORA,
The Edelweiss..... 104

HALL, DR. JOHN,
Kind Words..... 318

HARDY, ARTHUR S.,
Goodness and Virtue..... 315
Words..... 347

HELPS, SIR ARTHUR,
Making Others Happy..... 320
Extracts..... 319

HERBERT, GEORGE,
The Holy Scriptures..... 194
Salute Thyself..... 36
Be Thrifty..... 51
Sum Up at Night..... 344
Music at Midnight..... 292
Teach Me..... 292
A True Hymn..... 141
Sunday 145

HEYLIN, DR. PETER,
Verses Presented with a Bible. 115

HEYWOOD, THOMAS,
Shakespeare 226

HIPPOCRATES,
Life Short, Art Long..... 327

HOLLAND, J. G.,
Grandly True..... 310
Faith 319

HOLMES, O. W., PAGE.
Build Thee More Stately Mansions 36
Living 36
Deal Gently With Us..... 340

HOOD, THOMAS,
Evil..... 287

HOMER,
From "The Iliad"..... 92

HUNT, W. M.,
Judging..... 299

HUNT, LEIGH,
From Song of the Flowers.... 110
Abou Ben Adhem..... 56

HUNTINGTON, F. D.,
Strong Qualities..... 352

HUTCHINSON, ELLEN MACKAY,
A Flower's Epitaph..... ... 116
Under the Stars..... 101
June..... 108

INGELOW, JEAN,
Regret 286
Giving..... 52
Extracts 316

INGERSOLL, ROBERT G.,
Shakespeare 226

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT,
Spinning..... 280

JEFFREY, FRANCIS,
On Shakespeare..... 226

JERROLD, DOUGLAS,
Yes and No..... 333

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL,
Genius..... 290
Kings or Laws..... 351
Shakespeare 226

JONSON, BEN,
Valor..... 281
The Noble Nature 184

PAGE.

JONES, J. L. L.,
Hold Me Accountable..... 270
Our Best..... 300

JOUBERT, JOSEPH,
Thoughts 107

JOYCE, ROBERT D.,
The Song of the Robins..... 128

KEATS, JOHN,
A Fragment..... 91
Sweet Peas..... 165
A Thing of Beauty..... 334

KEBLE, JOHN,
The Waterfall..... 43

KINGSLEY, CHARLES,
Education for Women..... 212
Quarreling and Misery..... 47
A Farewell..... 72

LAMB, CHARLES,
Grace..... 201

LANDOR, WALTER S.,
Shakespeare and Bacon..... 223
Writings of the Wise..... 27

LANIER, SIDNEY,
From "The Symphony"..... 68

LARCOM, LUCY,
The Best Thing..... 276

LAYCOCK, SAMUEL,
The New Comer..... 77

LEIGHTON, ALBERT,
Under the Leaves..... 112

LOCKER, FREDERICK,
The Widow's Mite..... 75
The Cuckoo..... 130

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.,
Ballads 192
Where Should the Scholar Live 326
Sleep 324
Tributes to Friends..... 245
Robert Burns..... 244
Birds..... 128

PAGE.

LONGFELLOW, H. W.—*Continued*,
From "New England Tragedies"..... 44
Santa Filomena..... 326
To the Woods and Hills..... 91
God's Singers..... 191

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL,
From the Cathedral..... 94
From Under the Willows..... 99
To the Dandelion..... 126
From "The Biglow Papers".. 100
Careless Seems the Great Avenger 347
It may be Glorious to Write... 254
Every Man His Block..... 184
Be Noble..... 54
Who Gives Himself..... 52
From "The Birch Tree"..... 109

LYNCH, T. T.,
From "Essays on Forms of Literature..... 201

LYTTON, E. BULWER,
Content..... 310
Sacred Poetry..... 191
From "The Caxtons"..... 197

LUTHER, MARTIN,
The Human Heart..... 219

MACAULAY, T. B.,
After His Defeat at Edinburgh, 305
Mathematics..... 348

MACDONALD, GEORGE,
A Few Wayside Flowers..... 28
Up in the Tree..... 120
Willingness to be Nothing.... 270
The Love of God..... 277
The Poet's Heart..... 203
Life and Religion..... 314
The Spirit of Love..... 196

MACKAY, CHARLES,
Clear the Way..... 179
Building of the House..... 159

M. G. M., PAGE.
Night Blooming Cereus..... 107
MASSEY, GERALD,
Not by Appointment..... 279
MASSINGER, PHILIP,
Virtue and Brave Action..... 300
The Poor..... 56
MEREDITH, GEORGE,
Service 343
Service 356
MIDDLETON, THOMAS,
True Thought..... 28
MILL, JOHN STUART,
Happiness 182
MILNES, R. M.,
Sonnet..... 90
MILTON, JOHN,
Epitaph on Shakespeare..... 223
Purity..... 353
Glory 240
Love Virtue..... 340
MILLER, WILLIAM,
The Wonderful Wean..... 72
MORE, HANNAH,
Women in Action..... 214
MOORE, THOMAS,
Let Fate Do Her Worst..... 90
MONTGOMERY, JAMES,
The Recluse..... 150
MULLER, MAX,
Without Thought..... 347
NADAND, GUSTAVE,
Carcassonne..... 277
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY,
Warfare the Condition of Victory 283
God has Willed..... 274
Bright As is the Sun. 211
NICOLL, ROBERT,
Cleanse thy Heart..... 320
NIGHTINGALE, FLORENCE, PAGE.
Nursing an Art..... 330
NOBLE, F. A.,
From a Lecture..... 336
Ambition and Aspiration..... 294
The Baptism of Brotherhood.. 297
Motives to Earnestness..... 297
O'REILLY, J. BOYLE,
Unspoken Words..... 328
Knowledge..... 347
OSGOOD, SAMUEL,
Petty Sacrifice..... 53
Be Strong..... 292
OTTWAY, THOMAS,
Lovely Woman..... 213
OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS,
Birth, Beauty, Wealth..... 347
PAINE, THOMAS,
Reputation..... 333
PARSONS, T. W.,
On a Bust of Dante..... 238
PARKER, THEODORE,
On Emerson..... 236
PATMORE, COVENTRY,
If Thou Dost Bid Farewell.... 287
Who Follows Pleasure..... 344
PLATO,
The Name of Wise..... 201
PFEIFFER, EMILY,
A Wind From the Sea..... 49
POPE, ALEXANDER,
Birds 128
POWERS, H. N.,
Wings 38
The New Year..... 35
Apple Blossoms..... 161
PRESTON, MARGARET J.,
Charles Kingsley..... 242
PROCTOR, ADELAIDE,
For Love's Sake..... 52

PYCHOWSKA, L. D., PAGE.
Hare-Bells 321
REALF, RICHARD,
Life's Essence 153
RICHTER, JEAN PAUL,
Real Life 58
ROBERTSON, F. W.,
Heart and Manhood 284
ROGERS, CAROLINE O.,
Nature 93
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.,
Christmas Carol 30
Consider the Lilies 113
RUSKIN, JOHN,
The Sky 84
Thoughts 330
The Picture 258
The Grass 125
RUCKERT, FREDERICK,
From Wisdom of the Brahmin, 217
RUSSIAN PROVERB 352
SANGSTER, MARGARET E.,
Lilies 105
Our Own 284
SAVAGE, M. J.,
Weeds 28
SAXTON, ANDREW B.,
Delay 320
SCHEFER, GOTTLIEB L. I.,
Diabolus, the Doubter 355
SHEA, JOHN A.,
The Ocean 81
SHELLEY, PERCY B.,
To the Skylark 135
To the Moon 83
Notice on My Door 123
SCHILLER, J. C. FREDERICK VON,
If Thou Hast Something 334
SCOTT, SIR WALTER,
The Bible 195
Woman 214
Song of Rebecca 162
SHAKESPEARE, PAGE.
Our Doubts 177
The Web of Life 288
Portrait of Himself 232
Reverence 243
In Ourselves 340
Every Humor 302
Ambition 254
Sleep 348
Silence 352
Time's Glory 89
Sunrise 92
God's Goodness to Thee 279
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM,
Style 28
SHORTHOUSE, HENRY,
The Infinite Pity 352
SILL, E. R.,
Life 281
SMILES, SAMUEL,
Books 193
Good Character 315
SMILEY, SARAH F.,
We Rarely Receive 340
SMITH, HORACE,
Hymn to the Flowers 101
SMITH, SYDNEY,
Coxcombry 258
Hope and Despair 177
SPITTA, KARL JOHANN P.,
O Happy House 37
SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT,
A Four o'Clock 121
STANLEY, A. P.,
Show Thy Light 331
STEDMAN, E. C.,
The Inner Life 332

STODDARD, R. H., PAGE.
William Shakespeare..... 228
A Rose Song..... 275
Abraham Lincoln..... 232

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER,
Summer Studies..... 185

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP,
Pedigrees..... 355
Service..... 355

SWINBURN, A. C.,
A Baby's Feet..... 74
Not a Child..... 74

SPENSER, EDMUND,
The Noble Heart..... 287

TAYLOR, BAYARD,
Rest..... 340

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY,
Doubtful Knowledge..... 353
From "Philip Van Artevelde" 353

TAYLOR, TOM,
Abraham Lincoln..... 233

TENNYSON, ALFRED,
Prayer..... 220
Thoughts..... 219
Knowledge..... 219

THACKERAY, W. M.,
Joseph Addison..... 249

THAXTER, CELIA,
What Opportunities..... 44
The Sandpiper..... 140

THOMSON, JAMES,
Sunset..... 109

THOREAU, H. D.,
Autumn..... 256
Goodness..... 314

TRENCH, R. C.,
Three Sonnets..... 322
None but God..... 279

TROWBRIDGE, J. T.,
Midsummer..... 118
Services..... 167

VAUX, LORD, PAGE.
Thinking..... 237

VERY, JONES,
Nature..... 91

VIRGIL,
From The Æneid..... 214

WARE, E. S.,
The Washerwoman's Song.... 45

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY,
Christmas, Thanksgiving..... 32

WHITE, JAMES W.,
Prayer..... 48

WHITMAN, WALT,
O Captain! My Captain!..... 236

W. C. B.,
Apple Blossoms..... 105

WELSH, A. H.,
Shakespeare..... 227

WHITTIER, J. G.,
Hearts of Love..... 337
From "Chapel of the Hermits"..... 41
Not by the Page Word Painted 204

WILSON, PROF.,
Shakespeare..... 226

WILLIS, N. P.,
My Memory..... 302

WITHER, GEORGE,
On Poesy..... 191

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM,
A Phantom of Delight..... 70
Early Dawn..... 85
London at Sunrise..... 86
From Peter Bell..... 86
John Milton..... 240
Daffodils..... 305
Sonnet..... 239
To the Cuckoo..... 139
Contempt..... 304
On the Sonnet..... 193
The World too Much With Us 354

WOTTON, SIR HENRY,
Character of a Happy Life.... 182

YOUNG, EDWARD,
The Crown of Life..... 274

Many Thoughts

for

Many Hours.

MANY THOUGHTS FOR MANY HOURS.

Come, and take a choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sentences are like sharp nails, which force truth upon us.

DENIS DIDEROT.

The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander. W. S. LANDOR.

"The wisdom of the wise and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotations."

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace
Others may find the gold.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

A few dear wayside flowers—
Harebells, red poppies, daisies, eyebrights blue,—
Gathered them by the way for comforting.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

It may be weeds I've gathered too;
But even a weed may be
As fragrant as the fairest flower
With some sweet memory.

M. J. SAVAGE.

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote.

R. W. EMERSON.

I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

DR. MIDDLETON.

I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of life.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still,—but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed;
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,—
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness,—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMMETT.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign;
In the bleak midwinter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels,
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Throng'd the air;
But only His mother,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshiped her Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

UNDER THE SNOW.

A STORY IN RHYME.

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

When wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day,

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going!" shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift, as sure as thou's born;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon
To Blueberg hooses 'e Washburn dale;
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,

Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill.
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
Steal on her ear, distinct and clear
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Ridsdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there holding him white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the dalesman cried,
"By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day;
Bless ye! Ruth were me great-great grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried with a laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know—
No, not if we live a hundred years.

"There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

ROBERT COLLYER.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A flower, dear friend, I bring,
A gleam of light from clay,
That waiting not for Spring,
Shines forth on New Year's Day.
As little, oh, may we
Regard what season rolls,
So this sweet snowdrop be
No whiter than our souls.

ANON.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Flower unblown; a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unharvested;
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits,
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

Oh, may this Flower unfold to you
Visions of beauty sweet and new;
This Book on golden pages trace
Your sacred joys and deeds of grace;
May all the fruit of this strange Tree
Luscious and rosy-tinted be;
This Path through fields of knowledge go;
This House with love's content o'erflow;
This Landscape glitter with the dew
Of blessed hopes and friendships true;
This Fountain's living crystal cheer,
As fail the springs that once were dear;
This Casket with such gems be stored
As shine in lives that love the Lord.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. HOLMES.

Living, thou dost not live
If mercy's spring run dry;
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!

He promised even so!
To thee His lips repeat:
Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's woe
Have washed thy Master's feet!

IDEM.

We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege who came to bear
Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that He
Is wheresoe'er we seek Him earnestly;
Still filling every place
With sweet, abounding grace.

PHŒBE CARY.

By all means, use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O HAPPY HOUSE!

O happy house! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcome, honored Guest,
Where none can ever fill Thy place;
Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
Where every ear attends Thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house! where man and wife in heart,
In faith and hope are one,
That neither life nor death can ever part
The holy union here begun;
Where both are sharing one salvation,
And live before Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

O happy house! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer,—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's care.
O happy house! where little voices
Their glad hosannas love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known;
Where each one serves Thee, meek and lowly,
Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto Thee.

O happy house! where Thou art not forgot
When joy is flowing full and free;
O happy house! where every wound is brought,
Physician, Comforter, to Thee.
Until at last, earth's day's work ended,
All meet Thee in that home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love!

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA.

WINGS.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." ISAIAH XL, 31.

The real marrow of life is in its higher experiences. The exultant moods are always the most joyous. We manage to endure a great deal that is disagreeable and depressing, if now and then come seasons of spiritual uplifting, moments of soul-glow and sunrise, when we are translated from the low flats of a dull, earthly monotony, to higher levels and better fellowships.

"They shall mount up on wings as eagles," says the prophet. This is our privilege. The soul is free. It has wings in the joy of pure emotion, in the upspringing might of faith, in the ardor of heavenly aspiration, in the swift flight of love, in the liberty of exultant hope.

With some these wings are often folded. They droop often through sheer weariness. They trail frequently in the dust. But again they shine in the clear air of cerulean heights. The sunlight of truth is on them. On their strong pinions life is held above defeats and woe. Making ample allowance for differences in temperament and scope of thought in individuals, the devout nature is not ignorant of blessed experiences that impel the soul onward,— sympathies, insights, ardors,— refreshing and enriching to the hidden life. A few hints will awaken precious memories.

You remember how the spring odors of the tender-leaved woods seized your finer sense as you came forth from the place of prayer, and wafted

your thought to the trees of Paradise; and how, on the billowy splendors of indescribable sunsets, you were borne to the gates of light, which seemed uplifted, as if to welcome the King of Glory; and how, on the mountain-top, as day flung its roses over the sky, and kissed the wide waters to crimson, you were borne afar; and how, awed and ravished beneath the midnight stars, you seemed to wander through the eternal deeps amid the blossoming constellations, until you almost heard the sphery harmony, and touched the uncreated throne! More than once, in the solitude and by the sea, amid the noon's delicious peacefulness, and when the fresh winds blew health and music out of the west, over leagues of prairie starred with unnumbered flowers, your heart overran with sacred emotion, and expanded to embrace the beautiful repose! Wings were yours.

Then, too, after a season of spiritual depression; where you had gone mournfully with a sense of barrenness and burden, the painful spell was finally broken, and you seemed set in "a large place." Ay, your soul bounded outward into blessed light. Great freedom was yours, and you wondered why such doubt could have fettered the faith that now exults in the joyful confidence of a son beloved. And so, too, when the news of that dear friend's espousal of Christ reached you; when the darling child of many prayers went with you, for the first time, to the table of the Lord; when the prodigal, who had made the house so sorrowful, came back with the glow of forgiveness on his brow; and when, gathered around the old hearthstone at the family festival, the unutterable peace of God came down,— on what gracious wings were you upborne! What refreshing renewal was yours! You remember how, before now, you have come into the church, heavy, gloomy, discouraged, an evil world shadowing your hope, and life looking sepulchral and poor amid earth's losses and changes and delusions, and how hymn and psalm and confession and prayer have little by little stolen away your unrest, and then how the word of grace uttered from the depths of a prophetic soul flowed with healing and light and comfort to your heart, and how, on the wings of its benediction, you rose up stronger and clearer visioned, and went forth as on the landscape of a better world.

And so when the evil spirit of wrath and revenge was cast from you, and self conquered in granting forgiveness that linked your life in closer bonds to one estranged; when, bowing in the great congregation where a thousand hearts went up in importunate supplication, or in triumphant

Te Deums stormed heaven with praise, you rose on the wave of devotion, and when all at once the transcendent vision of Love incarnate and on the cross burst with illustrious glory on your soul, then there was no dull plodding in the way,—pinions were at your feet.

But it is in the closet, if you live nobly, that your strength is most graciously renewed. There, with the world put away, with faith resting serenely on the promise, while the place seemed instinct with a hallowing presence, you waited for your Lord. Nay, you waited with your Lord, for He came in and supped with you, and you with Him. On Him you emptied all your burdens and your sins. It was enough to feel the pulses of his peerless love, to see life's consummate ideal met in His perfection; enough to see every thorn of His crown of suffering blossom into celestial anadems, and to rest without a doubt in the tabernacle of His peace. Perhaps you are one who, in the wondrous disclosures of these hours, can say, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell."

We give grudgingly, we labor in heaviness, we minister painfully, we worship coldly, we live meanly, until the higher life is begotten within us,—until the soul gets a glow and an earnestness and a breadth of sympathy, and an impulse of high and pure aspiration that make it a joy to do good. Love is always winged. If you would conquer your besetments, rise to a more gracious benevolence, enjoy a livelier consciousness of eternal things, and have your christian duties delightful, get the ardent, unselfish, consecrated heart of love, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, the Inspirer and Comforter.

It were easy to picture more in detail instances of these spiritual upliftings in the fervor of your first discipleship, in times of blessed awakening in the churches, and in all your most precious experiences. But these are all revived as you recall the bright places of your pilgrimage. Through their impulse you have done your most genuine work for Christ, have had the clearest glimpses of the heavenly beatitude, and have gathered the choicest fruits of holiness. These experiences give the lie to an atheistic materialism. They strangle doubts of our immortality. They attest our divine relationship. In these illuminations the letter of Scripture delivers a grander and more inspiring meaning. In them we antedate the everlasting life. HORATIO N. POWERS.

"He that hath love in his breast hath spurs in his side."

FROM "THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS."

I do believe; and yet, in grief,
I pray for help to unbelief;
For needful strength aside to lay
The daily cumberings of my way.

I'm sick at heart of craft and cant;
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

I ponder o'er the sacred word;
I read the record of our Lord;
And, weak and troubled, envy them
Who touched His seamless garment's hem,—

Who saw the tears of love He wept
Above the grave where Lazarus slept,
And heard, amidst the shadows dim
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

Oh, bear me thither! Let me look
On Siloa's pool and Kedron's brook,—
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by
Gennesaret walk, before I die!

So spake my friend, one autumn day,
Where the still river slid away
Beneath us, and above the brown
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook
The mute appealing of his look,—
I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all.

Yet sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man:—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,—
The still small voice in Autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM DANTE.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing Him, alone
Have peace; and in its circuit spreads so far
That the circumference, with enlarging zone,
Doth girdle in the worlds.

FROM "THE WATERFALL."

Go where the waters fall,
Sheer from the mountain's height,—

Mark how a thousand streams in one,—
One in a thousand on they fare,
Now flashing to the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

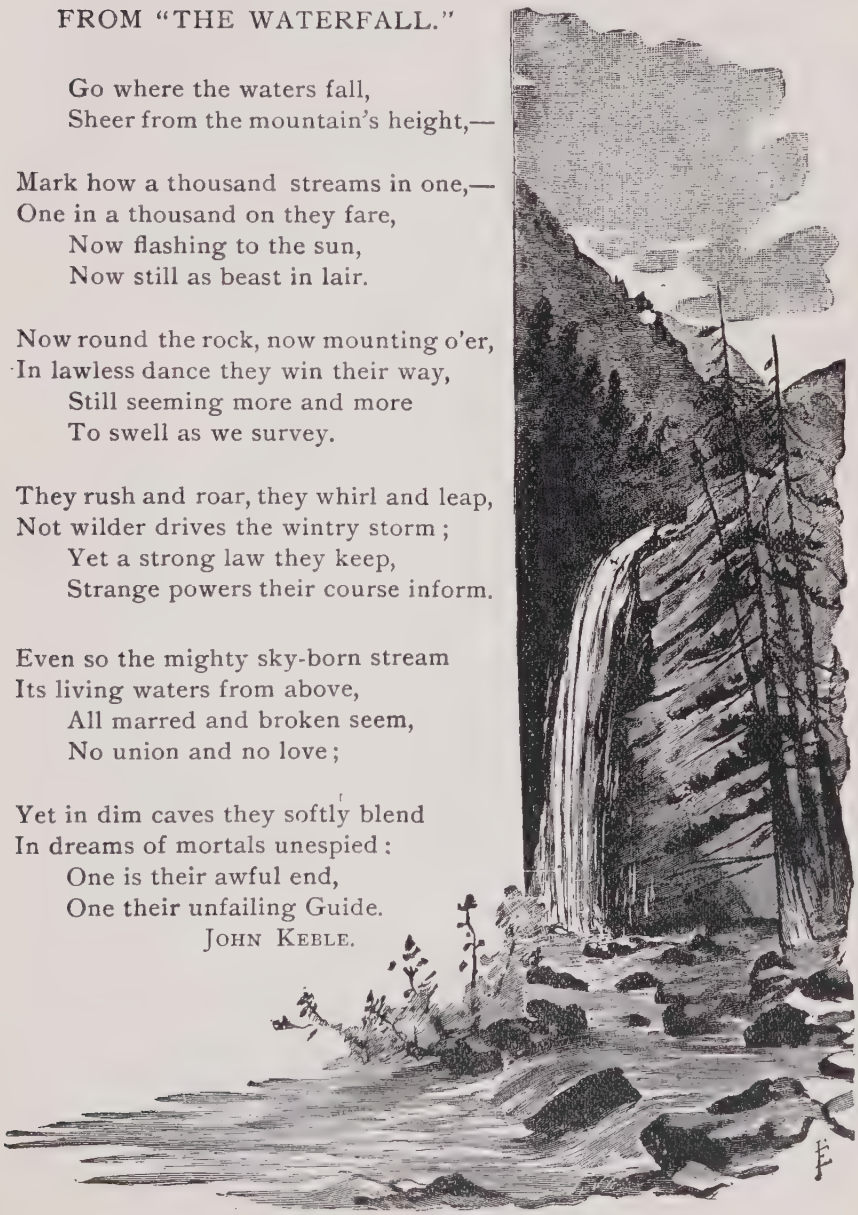
Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm;
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream
Its living waters from above,
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love;

Yet in dim caves they softly blend
In dreams of mortals unespied:
One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.

JOHN KEBLE.



FROM "NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES."

Let us, then, labor for an inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will, and do that only!
* * * * * * And then,
As the flowing of the ocean fills
Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,
Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savor:
So doth the virtue and the life of God
Flow evermore into the hearts of those
Whom He hath made partakers of His nature;
And when it but withdraws itself a little,
Leaves a sweet savor after it, that many
Can say they are made clean by every word
That He hath spoken to them in their silence.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Soul, be but inly bright,
All outer things must smile, must catch
The strong, transcendent light."

T. H. GILL.

See how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps and saves us all!
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair!

CELIA THAXTER.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
    In the suds and in the soap,
    Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
    "With a Saviour for a friend,
    He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along
I had heard the semi-song,
    And I often used to smile,
    More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
    As she sang about her friend
    Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
    As her children, three or four,
    Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long,
    "With a Saviour for a friend,
    He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
    Of the stories that are told
    Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
  the anodyne of grief,
    And will always be a friend
    That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poòr could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone:
Of a Saviour and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and rub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,—
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman *has* a friend
That will keep her to the end.

E. S. WARE.

What is being religious, but always seeing God's infinite love in everything, and loving Him all the time? It is seeing His mercy in the sun and sky; in the hills and plains; in daily life, with its discipline and education; in the friendships of our friends; in our insight into new truths; in the grand opportunities of daily service of the human race which He affords us. It is hearing and answering His invitation to come to Him to be inspired, to be filled with light, to be filled with love, to

be filled with power. Suppose all the little buds and seeds should say, "Oh, dear! April has come; and now we shall have to unpack ourselves, and go out of these snug little chambers where we have been sleeping all winter, with nothing to do but rest. It is getting warmer every day. Strange thrills pass through us, 'the blind motion of the spring.' But do let us stay as long as we can, shut up here; for it will be a very gloomy thing to go out into the soft summer air, and unfold ourselves in the sunlight into tremulous leaves, bending stalks, and fragrant flowers."

But Nature does not look unhappy in unfolding. And why, if seeds and buds enjoy unfolding in the sun, should not our souls enjoy unfolding in the sunlight of our Father's infinite tenderness and perfect love? Why should we give ourselves grudgingly, and as of necessity, to the love of God? Why hesitate and tremble, and think we are not good enough to love Him, or to be loved by Him? Love does not hesitate. Love leaves all and follows. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

What does half the misery and all the quarreling in the world come from, but from people's loving themselves better than their neighbors? Would children be disobedient, and neglectful to their parents, if they did not love themselves better than their parents? Why does a man kill, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness, covet his neighbor's goods, his neighbor's custom, his neighbor's rights, but because he loves his own pleasure or interest better than his neighbors; loves himself better than the man whom he wrongs? Would a man take advantage of his neighbor if he loved him as well as himself? Would he be hard on his neighbor, and say, "Pay me to the uttermost farthing," if he loved him as he loves himself? Would he speak evil of his neighbor behind his back, if he loved him as himself? Would he cross his neighbor's temper, just because he will have his own way, right or wrong, if he loved him as himself? What would the world become like this moment if every man loved his neighbor as himself, thought of his neighbor as much as he thinks of himself? Would it not become heaven on earth at once? There would be no need then for soldiers and policemen, lawyers, rates and taxes, and all the expensive and heavy machinery which is now needed to force people into

keeping something of God's law. Ay, there would be no need of sermons, preachers and prophets to tell men of God's law, and warn them of the misery of breaking it. They would keep the law of their own free will by love. For love is the fulfilling of the law; and as St. Augustine says, "Love your neighbor, and then do what you will—because you will be sure to will what is right." So truly did our Lord say, that on this one commandment hung all the law and the prophets.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

PRAYER.

I.

It is not prayer,
This clamor of our eager wants,
That fills the air
With wearying, selfish plaints.

It is not faith
To boldly count all gifts as ours—
The pride that saith,
"For me His wealth He ever showers."

It is not praise
To call to mind our happy lot,
And boast bright days,
God-favored, with all else forgot.

II.

It is true prayer
To seek the giver more than gift;
God's life to share
And love—for this our cry to lift.

It is true faith
To simply trust His loving will,
Whiche'er He saith—
"Thy lot be glad" or "ill."

It is true praise
To bless alike the bright and dark;
To sing all days
Alike with nightingale and lark.

JAMES W. WHITE, in *The Christian Union.*

A WIND FROM THE SEA.

The blue above, the sheep-shorn grass beneath,
Over the shoulder of the down we sped,
And saw the picture of the world outspread
Where Solent winds beyond the purple heath.
And sudden, waked by the salt-sea breath,
I felt the earth forlorn, because the tread
Of one who taught my earliest steps had fled,
And he in cold attainder lay of death.
Then with my tears a kindling triumph strove,
It was such joy to this poor heart of mine
To be so shrewdly stung of long-lost love;
To know it living by a bleeding sign,
And in the hungry, shaping tooth thereof,
Feel it at work to make my soul divine.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it.

H. D. THOREAU.

A broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book.

IDEM.

After every storm the sun will smile; for every problem there is a solution; and the soul's indefeasible duty is to be of good cheer.

WM. R. ALGER.

The time needs heart!

SIDNEY LANIER.

All are needed by each one; nothing is fair or good alone.

EMERSON.

The cry of the age is more for fraternity than for charity. If one exists the other will follow, or better still, will not be needed.

HENRY D. CHAPIN.

I beg you to take courage; the brave soul can mend even disaster.

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

Wealth is a means, and life the end;
You lose your hoard, have what you spend.
For that unhappy mortal pray
Who never learned to give away.
His heaped-up wealth made him its slave:
He did not use who never gave.

FROM THE GULISTAN. SAADI.

When the Spaniard gives to the poor, he does it with uncovered head, and humbly. HOWELL'S LETTERS, 1688.

NOT GRUDGINGLY, OR OF NECESSITY.

The Hand that strews the earth with flowers
  Enriched the marriage-feast with wine;
The Hand once pierced for sins of ours
  This morning made the dewdrops shine.

It freely gives its very best
Not barely what the need may be,
But for the joy of making blest;
Teach us to love and give like Thee!

Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
But daily question all our powers,
"To whose cup can we add a pleasure?
Whose path can we make bright with flowers?"

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this, find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore give
Thy need, thine honor, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to *Live!*
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

IBID.

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

IBID.

Give what you have. To some one, it may be better than you dare to think.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next, transmission. GEORGE MACDONALD.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

---

* * * "But you know, John," she answered, as if excusing herself, "we are not at all sure that we shall have any possessions, anything of our own, in the future life — anything, consequently, to give away. Perhaps it will all belong to all. So let us have enough of giving while we can, and enjoy the best part of possession. JEAN INGELOW.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

J. R. LOWELL.

Give your life royally.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

E. B. BROWNING.

The wealth of man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Every man and woman trying to be honest, pure and helpful in this world, finds that the very highest work set before them is that of self-sacrifice. Very few of us will have the chance of heroic self-devotion; but every day brings the petty wearing sacrifice which weighs full weight in God's scales. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care,
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing;
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
(By the love that cannot be told).

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy presence drawn near.
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear;
Look, Master! the love is here.

ANON.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

J. R. LOWELL.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

IBID.

"The good character is diffusive in his influence. It is astonishing how much good goodness makes." "I was common clay till roses were planted in me," says some aromatic earth in the Eastern fable.

THE TWINS.

"Give" and "It-shall-be-given-unto-you."

Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables — flowers on furze,
The better the uncouther:
Do roses stick like burrs?

A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey door,
Said Luther; but, seized with qualms,
The abbot replied, "We're poor!

"Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain;
But they give us nought for the nonce,
And how should we give again?"

Then the beggar: "See your sins!
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
Date and Dabitur.

"While Date was in good case
Dabitur flourished too;
For Dabitur's lenten face,
No wonder if Date rue.

"Would ye retrieve the one?
Try and make plump the other!
When Date's penance is done,
Dabitur helps his brother.

"Only, beware relapse!"
The abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be, perhaps,
An angel, Luther said.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The chief use, then, in man of that he knows,
Is his painstaking for the good of all;
Not fleshly weeping for our own-made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness, breathed out from inward thrall;
But sweetly rather to ease, to loose or bind,
As need requires, this frail fall'n human kind.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE, B. 1554.

"Men who have great possessions won
May be needy none the less;
They are rich, and they alone,
Who have store of nobleness.
Gold and silver may depart,
Proudest dynasties may fall:
He who has the truest heart
Is the richest of us all."

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light.
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed:
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

Look on the poor with gentle eyes, for in such habits, often, angels desire an alms. PHILIP MASSINGER.

Live in that whole to which all parts belong;
Thus Beauty, Action, Truth, shall be thy dower.
Compose thyself in God and so be strong,
Since only in life's fullness is its power.
As in a plant, leaves, flowers and fruits must grow
Out of one germ, each centered in the whole,—
So must Love, Thought and Deed forever flow
Forth from one fountain in the human soul.

EMANUEL GEIBEL. *Translated by L. C.*

'Tis pitiful the things by which we are rich or poor,—a matter of coins, coats and carpets, a little more or less stone or wood or paint, the fashion of a cloak or hat; like the luck of naked Indians, of whom one is proud in the possession of a glass bead or a red feather, and the rest miserable in the want of it. R. W. EMERSON.

"Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill."

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet toward men they are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. LORD BACON.

He is crowned with all achieving, who perceives and then performs.
J. Wolfgang Von Goethe.

GEMS OF THE ORIENT.

The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. To keep tenderness, I pronounce strength. Chinese.

He needs no other rosary, whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought. Persian.

Sweep the *snow* from thine own door; spy not at the *frost* on another's tiles. Chinese.

He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying, is like the bellows of a smith: he breathes indeed, but he does not live. Hindu.

Constantly rising up, a man should reflect and ask himself, "What good thing have I done this day? The setting sun will carry with it a portion of my life." Hindu.

The shell was not filled with pearls until it was contented (i. e., ceased from unrest). Persian.

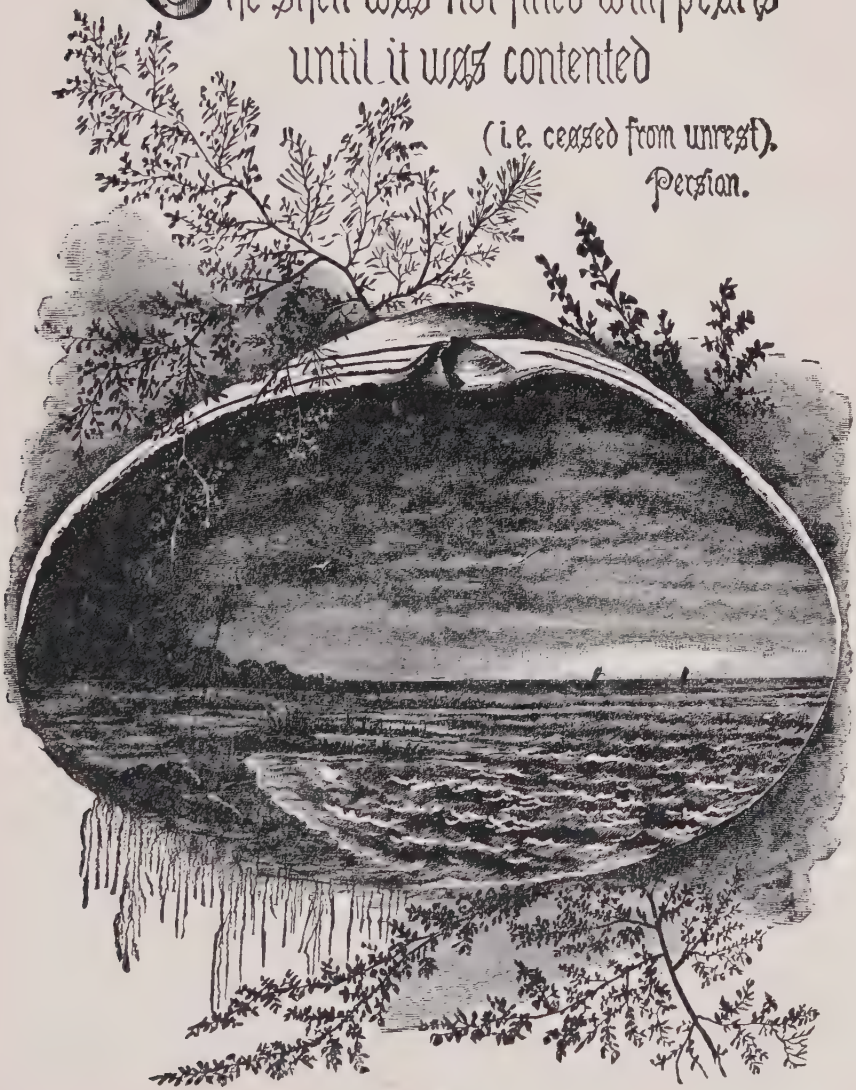
Not to have loved is never to have been blessed.

The highest of men is he who strikes what is right without effort.
Chinese.

Spener, in a low tone, spoke of the real life that knows no death, and which man must beget in himself. He said that for himself, though an old man, he wished neither to die nor to live, because one could already, even here, be with God so soon as one only had God within him, * * * and that a man must not so much prepare himself for eternity as plant in himself the eternity which is still, pure, light, deep, and everything.
Jean Paul Richter.

The shell was not filled with pearls
until it was contented

(i.e. ceased from unrest).
Persian.



MUSIC.

My being is absorbed in bliss so high
That at the very portal, speech is stayed.
In trembling garments is my joy betrayed,
In eyelids heavy as when sleep is by,
In eyes where passions seem to liquefy,
And, lest the soul slip through them, half afraid.
Of what, then, is this wondrous music made
That numbs the wish to know where Heaven doth lie?
Of all the splendors all the seasons know;
Of night, and dawn and tempest of each zone;
Lights, flowers and odors; rains that soothe and stir;
Of loveliest outlines breath and marble show;
All beauties shape her man hath ever known,
All he has felt—that is the soul of her.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

ABT VOGLER.

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other, heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,—
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest;
For higher still and higher, as a runner tips with fire
When a great illumination surprises a festal night —
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire,
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar, and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze; and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay, more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful dead who have passed through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new;
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth;

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told:
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world,—loud, soft, and all is said;
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And, there! Ye have heard and seen; consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance; is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God; ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands.
What, have fear of change from Thee, who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign;
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life; so, now I will try to sleep.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE STREET CHILDREN'S DANCE.

Now the earth in fields and hills
Stirs with pulses of the spring,
Nest-embowering hedges ring
With interminable trills;
Sunlight runs a race with rain,
All the world grows young again.

Young as at the hour of birth;
From the grass the daisies rise,
With the dew upon their eyes,
Sun-awakened eyes of earth.
Fields are set with cups of gold:
Can this budding world grow old?

Can this world grow old and sear,
Now when ruddy tasselled trees
Stoop to every passing breeze,
Rustling in their silken gear;
Now, when blossoms, pink and white,
Have their own terrestrial light?

Brooding light falls soft and warm,
Where in many a wild-rocked nest,
Curled up 'neath the sea-bird's breast,
Clustering eggs are hid from harm;
While the mellow-throated thrush
Warbles in the purpling bush.

Misty purple bathes the spring;
Swallows flashing here and there
Float and dive on waves of air,
And make love upon the wing;
Crocus-buds in sheaths of gold
Burst like sunbeams from the mould.

Chestnut leaflets burst their buds,
Perching tiptoe on each spray,
Springing towards the radiant day,
As the bland pacific floods
Of the generative sun
All the teeming earth o'errun.

Can this earth run o'er with beauty,
Laugh through leaf and flower and grain,
While in close-pent court and lane
In the air so thick and sooty,
Little ones pace to and fro,
Weighted with their parents' woe?

Woe-predestined little ones!
Putting forth their buds of life
In an atmosphere of strife,
And crime-breeding ignorance;
Where the bitter surge of care
Freezes to a dull despair.

Dull despair and misery
Lie about them from their birth;
Ugly curses, uglier mirth,
Are their earliest lullaby;
Fathers have they without name,
Mothers crushed by want and shame.

Brutish, over-burdened mothers,
With their hungry children cast
Half-nude to the nipping blast;
Little sisters with their brothers
Dragging in their arms all day,
Children nigh as big as they.

Children mothered by the streets,
Shouting, flounting, roaring after
Passers-by with gibes and laughter,
Diving between horses' feet,
In and out of drays and barrows
Recklessly, like London sparrows!

Mudlarks of our slums and alleys,
All unconscious of the blooming
World behind those housetops looming,
Of the happy fields and valleys,
Of the miracle of spring
With its boundless blossoming.

Blossoms of humanity!
Poor soiled blossoms in the dust!
Through the thick defiling crust
Of soul-stifling poverty,
In your features may be traced
Childhood's beauty half effaced.

Childhood stunted in the shadow
Of the light-debarring walls;
Not for you the cuckoo calls
O'er the silver-threaded meadow;
Not for you the lark on high
Pours his music from the sky.

Ah, you have your music too!
And come flocking round the player
Grinding at his organ there,
Summer-eyed and swart of hue,
Rattling off his well-worn tune
On this April afternoon.

Lovely April lights of pleasure
Flit o'er want-beclouded features
Of these little outcast creatures,
As they swing with rhythmic measure,
In the courage of their rags,
Lightly o'er the slippery flags.

Little footfalls, lightly glancing
In a luxury of motion,
Supple as the waves of ocean
In your elemental dancing,
How you fly, and wheel, and spin,
For your hearts, too, dance within.

Dance along with mirth and laughter,
Buoyant, fearless and elate,
Dancing in the teeth of fate,
Ignorant of your hereafter
That with all its tragic glooms
Blindly on your future looms.

Past and future, hence away!
Joy diffused throughout the earth,
Center in this moment's mirth
Of ecstatic holiday,
Once in all their lives' dark story
Touch them, Fate, with April glory.

MATHILDE BLIND.

I speak for each no-tonguèd tree,
That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,
And dumbly and most wistfully
His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
Above men's oft-unheeding heads,
And his big blessing downward sheds.
I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,
Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,
Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves;
Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,
And briery mazes bounding lanes,
And marsh-plants, thirsty-cupped for rains,
And milky stems and sugary veins;

For every long-armed woman-vine
That round a piteous tree doth twine;
For passionate odors, and divine
Pistils, and petals crystalline;
All purities of shady springs,
All shynesses of film-winged things
That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings;
All modesties of mountain-fawns
That leap to covert from wild lawns,
And tremble if the day but dawns;
All sparklings of small beady eyes
Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
All piquancies of prickly burs,
And smoothnesses of downs and furs
Of eiders and of minevers;
All limpid honeys that do lie
At stamen-bases, nor deny
The humming-birds fine roguery,
Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings;
Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
Wherewith in every lonesome dell
Time to himself his hours doth tell;
All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine cones,
Wind-sighings, doves' melodious moans,
And night's unearthly under-tones;
All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
All cool-reposing mountain-steeps,
Vale-calms and tranquil lotus-sleeps;—
Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,
These doth my timid tongue present,
Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
And servant, all love-eloquent.

From "The Symphony," by SIDNEY LANIER.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.

H. D. THOREAU.

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY OF CHARLES KINGSLEY'S.

It has been said, and truly, I believe, that children cannot be brought up among beautiful pictures — I believe even among any beautiful sights and sounds — without the very expression of their faces becoming more beautiful, purer, gentler, nobler; so that in them are fulfilled the words of the great and holy poet concerning the maiden brought up according to God and the laws of God:

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GIRLHOOD.

An exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit;
A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth;
A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its root,
To deck with their future sweetness the fairest thing on the earth.

Womanhood, wifehood, motherhood — each a possible thing,
Dimly seen through the silence that lies between then and now;
Something of each and all has woven a magic ring,
Linking the three together in glory on girlhood's brow.

ANON.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO FRANCES G.

Thou art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an over care
To ask thee to be good and wise.

As if a little bird were blamed
Because its song unthinking flows;
As if a rose should be ashamed
Of being nothing but a rose.

ANON.

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw:
It would tak me a lang simmer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the mornin' till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie 'tween father and me;

For in his quite turns siccan questions he'll speir!
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?
He's a perfec' divirt—he's a wonderfu' wean!

Or wha was the first bodie's father? and wha
Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever did fa'?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his wha and his when;
And he looks aye sae wistfu' the whiles I explain;
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the head
Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug-shuggin' afore him;
Wi' a face like the moon—sober, sonsy and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel! I'm unco ta'en up wi't—they mak a' sae plain.
He's just a town's talk; he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees
The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease;
Then he marched through the house, he marched but, he marched ben,
Like owre mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna contain;
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean!

But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinny-beam aye in his ee
Maks him every day dearer and dearer to me.

Though Fortune be saucy, and dorty and dour,
And gloom through her fingers like hills through a shooer,
When bodies hae gat a bit bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts! — he's a wonderfu' wean!

WILLIAM MILLER.

A BABY'S FEET.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch, and spread, and wink,
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells, that expand and shrink,
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,
As shine on life's untrodden brink,
A baby's feet.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

NOT A CHILD.

* * * * * * *

Not a child? Alack the year!
What should ail an undefiled
Heart, that he would fain appear
Not a child!

Men, with years and memories piled
Each on other, far and near,
Fain again would so be styled.

Fain would cast off hope and fear,
Rest, forget, be reconciled.
Why would you so fain be, dear,
Not a child?

Child or boy, my darling, which you will,
Still your praise finds heart and song employ,
Heart and song both yearning toward you still,
Child or boy.

All joys else might sooner pall or cloy
Love than this which inly takes its fill,
Dear, of sight of your more perfect joy.

Nay, be aught you please, let all fulfill
All your pleasure; be your world your toy:
Mild or wild, we love you, loud or still,
Child or boy.

IBID.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A Widow—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The Widow's mite.

The Widow's mite—ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Tho' friends were fewer;
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much;
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

MY CHILD.

His love hath filled my life's fair cup
Full to the crystal brim;
The dancing bubbles crowding up
Are dreams of him.

I work, and every thread I draw
Sets in a thought,—
The letter of Love's tender law
In patience wrought.

I serve his meals,— the fruit and bread
Are sound and sweet:
But that invisible feast I spread
For gods were meet.

I pray for him. All else I do
Fades far away
Before the thrill that smites me through,
The while I pray:

Ah, God, be good to him, my own,
Who on my breast
Sleeps, with soft dimpled hands out-thrown,
A child at rest!

MARY AINGE DEVERE.

THE NEW COMER.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

Tha'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha' didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel'
Trade wur slack;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;
An', as tha's sich a pratty face,
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's place
On mi knee.

Hush! hush! tha munna cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—
Oh, what a temper! dear a me,
Heaw tha shroikes!
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee
Owt tha loikes.

We'n nobbut getten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha'll ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha'rt here.

An' tho' we'n childer two or three,
We'll make a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad!
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we ha' i' th' nest;
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw'm thi dad.

SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified! Rule kindly,

Tenderly over thy kingdom fair!
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
The spirit tnat there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

THE SECRET.

Ah, dainty, dainty rose!
How did you come to be
The sweet and precious thing
That here today I see?

Ah, sweet and passionate rose,
Thy secret now impart;
I listen and I wait
Above thy fragrant heart.

Ah, pure and perfect rose!
Glowing and yet serene;
I crave thy balanced joy,
What does thy beauty mean?

A little tender stir—
I heard as in a dream:
"We roses wait God's time,
However long it seem.

"Where he hath planted us
We grow as He doth will;
And show our love for Him
By simply standing still.

"And so He giveth us
Color, and form, and grace;
And sudden, unaware,
We glorify the place."

ANON.

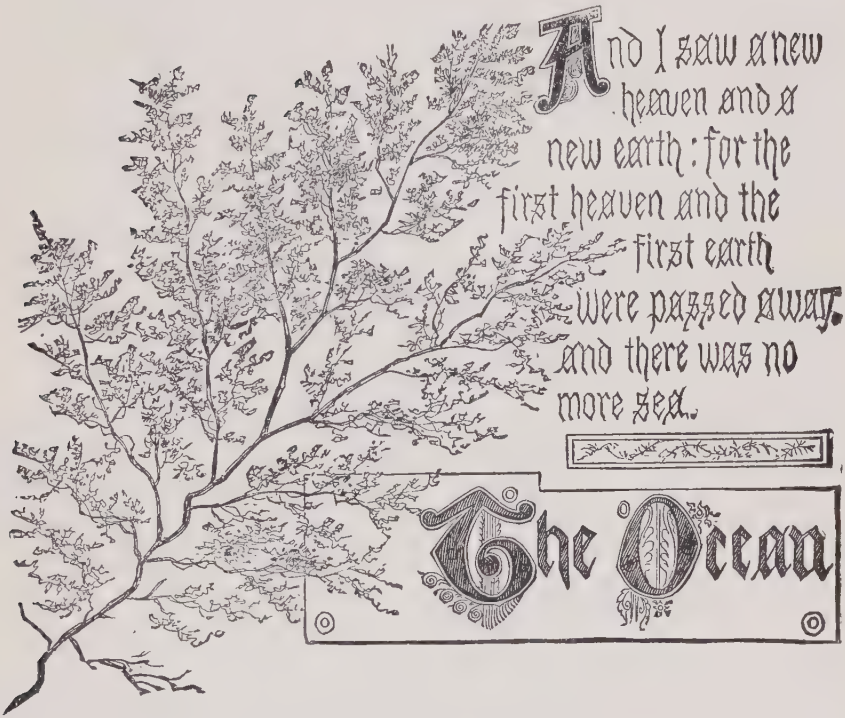
"Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn the lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

"Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of today."

* * * * *

Oh, to live exempt from care.
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued
Yet elate with gratitude!

JOSIAH CONDER.


And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea.
The Ocean

Likeness of heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners,
Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep water shines?

The proud navies that cover
The conquering West—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that visor
Thy wreck-making shore,—
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
The canvas is cast,—

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul
To look on thy greatness
And list to thy roll;
And to think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be
While the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations,
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam!

But thou art almighty—
Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened—unwasted—
Twin-brother of Time!

Fleets, tempests nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! When thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll,
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now
Be more mighty, more lasting,
More chainless than thou!

JOHN A. SHEA.

TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars, that have a different birth;
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE HOPES OF MARCH.

The trees look cold and bare to-day, as the wind passes by and finds no playmates in their leaves. Yet on every branch the winter leaves hold, folded in darkness, motionless in their compact sheaths, the radiant life of the summer foliage. They do not rebel against their destiny, but in submission to law, await the light. Within their chambers the force of growth is being laid up, the color and play and light of a higher life is being wrought. Spring comes; Wind, the fairy whose breath is love and life, touches with her lips the folded gates, their leaves fly open at the gracious call, and in a thousand forests wonder and joy awake to sing the green creation of each year. That is the Christian view of life and its sorrows. It waits in patience for the certain spring. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

LIFE OF GOD REVEALED.

Life, love, joy: What are these in their tale to the spirit, as spring sends them flowing into our hearts? They are a revelation of the Being of God. Its first attribute is infinite life. In this world of decay and death, where sorrow and apathy and dullness play so large a part, it is unspeakable comfort to know that there is above us and in our God an eager, unwearied, universal life. Nothing in spring gives me so much joy as that thought. It is God's life that is moving everywhere, breathing in the sunlight, in the blossom, flowing in the running water, growing in the corn, singing in the birds, glittering in the dew that nourishes the grass—the inexhaustible fountain of God's life that makes the world in the rushing of its stream.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

I believe that the mind can be profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality.

H. D. THOREAU.

Enthusiasm : The sense of this word among the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it, namely, "God in us."

MME. DE STAEL.

The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father, is to be kind to some of His other children.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE SKY.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. JOHN RUSKIN.

Hast thou not glimpses in the twilight here
Of mountains where the immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not through the silence to thine ear
A gentle rustling from the morning gales,—
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before
More musical in that celestial air?

W. C. BRYANT.

If God has so arrayed
A fading world that quickly passes by,
Such rich provision of delight has made
For every human eye,—
What shall the eyes that wait for Him survey,
Where His own presence gloriously appears,
In worlds that were not founded for a day,
But for eternal years?

R. C. TRENCH.

THE CONSECRATING EFFECTS OF EARLY DAWN.

What soul was his when from the naked top
Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired;
No thanks he breathed; he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A VIEW OF LONDON AT SUNRISE.

Earth hath not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!
This city doth now like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare;
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Ne'er did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,—
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IBID.

DESCRIPTION OF PETER BELL'S DULLNESS TO ALL THE SWEET INFLUENCES OF NATURE

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day—
But Nature ne'er could find her way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before:
A primrose by a river brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

In vain through water, earth and air
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter, on some April morn,
Beneath the brown and budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when by the forest edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart — he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

IBID.

The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed within reach of every human eye.
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears,
The vernal field infuses fresh delight,
Into all hearts. * * *
The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man,— like flowers.

IBID.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

The curvèd strand
Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

* * * * * *

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep
As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break, no bar
Of sun or star;
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

J. W. CHADWICK.

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Try not, or murmur not if tried in vain,
In fair rememberable words to set
Each scene or presence of especial gain,
As hoarded gems in precious cabinet.
Simply enjoy the present loveliness;—
Let it become a portion of your being;
Close your glad gaze, but see it none the less,
No clearer with your eye, than spirit, seeing;
And, when you part at last, turn once again,
Swearing that beauty shall be unforgot;
So in far sorrows it shall ease your pain,
In distant struggles it shall calm your strife,
And in your further and serener life,
Who says that it shall be remembered not?

R. M. MILNES.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the nighttime of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

A day on the hills! True king am I
In my solitude public to earth and sky!
Fret inhales not this atmosphere;
Wingèd thoughts only can follow here;
Folly and falsehood and babble stay
In the ground-smoke somewhere far away!
Let them greet and cheat
In the narrow street:
Who cares what all the newspapers say?

WM. ALLINGHAM.

A FRAGMENT OF AN ODE FOR MAY-DAY.

"Oh, might I," Keats cries to May, "Oh, might I
* * * * * thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan!
Oh, give me their old vigor, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven, and few ears,
Rounded by thee, my song should die away,
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day!"

JOHN KEATS.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small;
The flowers that on the lovely hillside grow
Expect me there when Spring their bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;

For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress which then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM THE ILIAD.

Yet reproach me not
With the fair gifts which golden Venus gave.
Whatever in their grace the gods bestow
Is not to be rejected; 'tis not ours
To choose what they shall give us.

* * * * *

Now from the gently tossing deep the sun
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays
Smote the surrounding fields.

* * * * *

And now into the sea the sun's bright light
Went down, and o'er the foodful earth was drawn
Night's shadow.

O Nature! thou, my first, best friend,
My earliest love, and best!
With us was never any end
Of confidence and rest:
Here no reserve, but frankest speech,
No need for place apart;
I do not fear to let thee hear
The beating of my heart.

CAROLINE S. ROGERS.

THE TROJANS AND GREEKS AT NIGHT.

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars looked brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus; on the plain there shone
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—
Champing their oats and their white barley—stood
And waited for the golden morn to rise.
The Trojans thus kept watch; while through the night
The power of Flight, companion of cold Fear,
Wrought on the Greeks, and all their bravest men
Were bowed beneath a sorrow hard to bear.
As when two winds upturn the fishy deep,—
The north wind and the west, that suddenly
Blow from the Thracian coast; the black waves rise
At once, and fling the seaweed to the shore,—
Thus were the Achaians troubled in their hearts.

BRYANT'S HOMER.

FROM "THE CATHEDRAL."

Second thoughts are prose;
For beauty's acme hath a term as brief
As the wave's poise before it break in pearl.
At a flash
We snatch the essential grace of meaning out,
And that first passion beggars all behind.

* * * * * * *

So memory cheats us, glimpsing half revealed,
Even as I write she tries her wonted spell
In that continuous redbreast boding rain;
The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him.

* * * * * *

I know not how it is with other men,
Whom I but guess, deciphering myself;
For me, once felt is so felt nevermore;
The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
Had in it the best ferment of the wine.

* * * * * *

I blame not in the soul this daintiness,
Rasher of surfeit than a humming-bird,
In things indifferent by sense purveyed;
It argues her an immortality
And dateless incomes of experience,
This unthrift housekeeping that will not brook
A dish warmed-over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with whatever sauce.

* * * * * *

One feast for her I secretly designed
In that Old World so strangely beautiful
To us the disinherited of eld—
A day at Chartres, with no soul beside
To roil with pedant prate my joy serene
And make the minster shy of confidence.
I went, and, with the Saxon's pious care,
First ordered dinner at the pea-green inn,
The flies and I its only customers,
Till by and by there came two Englishmen,
Who made me feel, in their engaging way,
I was a poacher on their self-preserve,
Intent constructively on lese-anglicism.
To them (in those old razor-ridden days),

My beard translated me to hostile French;
So they, desiring guidance in the town,
Half condescended to my baser sphere,
And clubbing in one mess their lack of phrase,
Set their best man to grapple with the Gaul.
"Esker vous ate a nabitang?" he asked;
"I never ate one; are they good?" asked I;
Whereat they stared, then laughed, and we were friends.
The seas, the wars, the centuries interposed,
Abolished in the truce of common speech
And mutual comfort of the mother-tongue.
Like escaped convicts of Propriety,
They furtively partook of the joys of men,
Glancing behind when buzzed some louder fly.

* * * * * *

Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,
Where I grew kindly with the merry groups,
And blessed the Frenchman for his simple art
Of being domestic in the light of day.
His language has no word, we growl, for Home;
But he can find a fireside in the sun,
Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,
By throngs of strangers undisprivacied.
He makes his life a public gallery,
Nor feels himself till what he feels comes back
In manifold reflection from without;
While we, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,
And each bystander a detective were,
Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

* * * * * *

I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
Guards piety and solace for my kind
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
And shared decorous in the ancient rite
My sterner fathers held idolatrous.

* * * * * *

Be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles;
Blessed the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought!
Thrice happy they that wander not lifelong
Beyond near succor of the household faith,
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines!

* * * * * *

Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.

* * * * * *

I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God;
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,—
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east-window of divine surprise.

* * * * * *

This is no age to get cathedrals built.

* * * * * *

Shall not that Western Goth, of whom we spoke,
So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God.

J. R. Lowell.

FROM "THE PROBLEM."

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

* * * * *

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

R. W. EMERSON.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

My way in opening dawn I took
Between the hills, beside a brook;
The peaks one sun was climbing o'er,
The dewdrops showed ten millions more.

The mountain valley is a vase
Which God has trimmed with rarest grace;
And, kneeling in the taintless air,
I drink celestial blessings there.

Behold that guiltless bird! What brings
Him here? He comes to wash his wings.
Let me, too, wash my wings with prayer,
And cleanse them from foul dust and care.

To one long time in city pent
The lesson seems from heaven sent.
For pinions clean yon bird takes care;
Of soul defiled do thou beware!

W. R. ALGER.

FROM "UNDER THE WILLOWS."

June is the pearl of our New England year,
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come.

* * * * * *

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
Or if, o'er confident, she trust the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
The season need but turn his hour-glass round,
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislustred front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown.

* * * * * *

What a day
To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned

To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses.

* * * * * *

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us.

* * * * * *

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart.

* * * * * *

The years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,— to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.

* * * * * *

I take
My little gift of being clean from God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.

J. R. Lowell.

FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS."

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows and sings,—
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink).

* * * * * * *

Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch
Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by the inch.
* * * * * * *
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens and things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds;
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it doos git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out!
* * * * * * *
One word with blood in 't 's twice ez good ez two!

J. R. LOWELL.

UNDER THE STARS.

O Night, look down through cloud and star
Upon our fret and pain!
Bid all the dreams that day denies
Bloom into faith again!
In silvery shades of shadow come
And take Earth's weary children home!

Sweet teacher, wiser than the schools,
Thy speechless lessons bring;
The rebel soul, the aching heart,
The will like broken wing,
Make ready for a stiller night,
And for a dearer Morning Light!

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostle! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's widespread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Tinged with color faintly
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I tomorrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE EDEL-WEISS.

I was born in my little shroud,
All woolly, warm and white;
I live in the mist and cloud,
I live for my own delight.

I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valleys bright.

I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand,
I live but for God, and I die
Unto him, and at his command!

DORA GREENWELL.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Written upon a card of painted apple-blossoms, and accompanied by a basket of the real flowers.

Apple blossoms, false and true,
Side by side are lying,
The first have never known sweet life,
The last will soon be dying:
One by human hand was wrought,
One is the great Creator's thought.

Many would choose the false and fair,
For their unfading beauty,
But I would rather, would not you?
My life should be brief, than fail to be true,—
Brightly to bloom, though soon to die,
Leaving a fragrant memory.

C. B. W.

LILIES.

The lilies, ah, the lilies!
They stand superb in light,
In field and bank and garden fair,
A wonder to the sight;
So rich their royal scarlet is,
So pure their stainless white!

Consider, then, the lilies,
O heart of mine, today;
They neither toil nor spin, to win
Their beautiful array;
I would that thou couldst live a life
So fearless-sweet as they.

They gather when the summer
Her silver bugle thrills;
When troop, to meet her shining feet,
The bright, uncounted rills;
And when the purple glories lie
All softly o'er the hills.

Each in her place appointed,
The lily dwells serene;
She cares not though the thistle blow
Anear her leaf of green;
Her neighbors cannot vex her soul,
For she was born a queen.

She fills the air with fragrance,
She crowns the day with bloom;
From dewy morn to darkling eve,
Our shadows to illume,
She bears a torch, divinely fed,
And smiles away our gloom.

Fair lilies, gentle teachers,
Evangelists of love,
The word that bids me heed your voice
Is spoken from above;
Ye are the gracious gift of Him
In whom our spirits move.

We, too, would wear unspotted
The garments of the King,
Would have the royal perfume
About our paths to cling,
And unto all beholders
A lilied beauty bring.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THOUGHTS FROM JOSEPH JOUBERT.

To reach the regions of light, you must pass through the clouds. Some stop there; others know how to go beyond.

Properly speaking, man only inhabits his head and his heart. All places which are not there may be before his eyes, beside him, under his feet; he is not in them.

Questions show the breadth of the mind; answers, its delicacy.

It is always our impotencies which irritate us.

Tenderness is the repose of passion. There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts.

Life's evening brings its lamp with it. Age, neighbor of eternity, is a kind of priesthood.

Wear your velvet within; show yourselves amiable to those above all who live with you.

Wisdom is rest in light. Morality needs heaven, as a picture needs air.

To think what one does not feel is to lie to oneself.

Without duty, life is soft and boneless, and cannot hold up.

Happy those who have a lyre in their heart, and a music in their mind which their actions perform.

Simple and sincere minds are never more than half mistaken.

Light is the shadow of God: clearness, the shadow of light.

Justice is truth at work.

Children need models more than critics.

Poets, in seeking the beautiful, find more truths than philosophers, in seeking the true.

Attention is narrow-mouthed. Pour into it what you have to say carefully, and so to speak, drop by drop.

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Last night there came to me a lovely ghost,
And near my bedside rested, pale and proud.
Almost I heard its fragrant lips aloud
Murmuring, "I came back from all the host

Of heavenly blossoms which our earth has lost
With its creation's freshness.'' Then it bowed
Its delicate head, while, o'er its snowy shroud,
With one more perfumed sigh, its arms were crossed,
And it had left me, as the midnight chimed,
To sleepless hours, yet not devoid of bliss,
For, in its wake, before my fancy's eyes,
A band ethereal floated—footsteps timed
To harmonies of other worlds than this—
Wand'rers, like thee, fair flower, from Paradise.

M. G. M.

JUNE.

Of silvery-shining rains
  And noonday golds and shadows
June weaves wild-daisy chains
  For the happy meadows.

She stoops to set the stream
  With scented alder-bushes,
And with the rainbow gleam
  Of iris 'mid the rushes
She scatters eglantine
And scarlet columbine.

Ah, June, my lovely lass,—
Sweetheart, dost thou not see
I stay to watch thee pass—
What has thou brought to me?
Thy mystic ministries
  Of glorious far skies,
Thy wild-rose sermons, sweet,
  Like dreams profound and fleet,
    Thy woodland harmony
    Thou givest me.

The vision that can see,
The loving will to learn,
How fair thy skies may be,
What in thy roses burn,
Thy secret harmonies,—
Ah, give me these!

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

SUNSET.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè and her 'tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

JAMES THOMSON.

FROM "THE BIRCH-TREE."

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade; thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down, thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward where calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

J. R. LOWELL.

FROM "SONG OF THE FLOWERS."

We are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith);
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath;
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We tread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop, sweet flowers!

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color!
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green!
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be seen!
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the flowers!

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travelers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce;

Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truths than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

* * * * * * *

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,—
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say!
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle Wanton May;
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pellmell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome antheming;
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace — a thought for meek devotion.

* * * * * * *

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?

Who its love, without us, can fancy — or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down, that Love might bring one peace of heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down 'twixt their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south wind sweeps away
The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,—
Ye teach me faith and duty!

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to say,
"With love's divine foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves
God sees sweet flowers growing."

ALBERT LEIGHTON.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
The poppy saith, Amid the corn
Let but my scarlet head appear
And I am held in scorn;

Yet juice of subtle virtue lies
Within my cup of curious dyes.
The lilies say, Behold how we
Preach without words of purity!
The violets whisper from the shade
Which their own leaves have made,
Men scent our fragrance on the air,
Yet take no heed
Of humble lessons we would read.

But not alone the fairest flowers;
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen, and moss, and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"The noblest prayer is, when one evermore
Grows inly liker that he kneels before."

Out on the hills in mild Spring weather,
So early only the blue birds knew,
Thousands of little flowers grew together,
Purple and pink and white and blue.

While the March storm raged, and fretted and wept,
  And froze its song in the bluebird's throat,
'Neath mottled leaf-blankets they soundly slept,
  Close wrapped in their soft fur overcoats.

Now the sun shines warm, and under our feet
  They nod and smile, though branches are bare;
So daintily hued and faintly sweet—
  What blossoms of Summer are half so fair?

And the sweet old sermon is preached again
  Of life from death, to the doubter's need,
Of rest after struggle, and grief and pain,
  The text, "The Lord is risen indeed."

MRS. J. S. BAYNE.

The following verses were written by Dr. Peter Heylin, and presented by him to a friend, with a Bible, in 1655.

Could this outside beholden bee
To cost and cunning equally;
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxurie of curious Eyes;
Yet would I have my Dearest looke
Not on the Cover, but the Booke.

If thou art Merie, here are Aires;
If Melancholie, here are Prayers;
If Studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest Wit;
If Hungry, here is food Divine;
If Thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly Wine.

Read then, but first thyself prepare
To read with Zeal, and marke with Care;
And when thou read'st what here is writt,

Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall bee,
First in the Booke and next in Thee.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them, therefore, with a song;
And that thy musicke praise may merite,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit;
That as thy Voice doth pierce men's Ears,
So shall thy Prayers and Vows the Spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee
The very Earth a Heaven shall bee;
If thus thou readest, thou shalt find
A private Heaven within thy Minde;
And singing thus before thou die,
Thou sing'st thy part to those on High.

Great offices will have
Great talents; and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A FLOWER'S EPITAPH.

These dead leaves were a violet once,
A tender, timid thing,
A sleeping beauty till the wind
Kissed it awake in spring.

Then for one little, little hour
It knew Love's deep delight;
Unto the wooing wind it gave
All that a violet might.

And then it drooped and faded happily;
For having loved, it was not pain to die.

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

WINTER FLOWERS.

Though Nature's lonesome, leafless bowers,
With Winter's awful snows are white,
The tender smell of leaves and flowers
Makes Maytime in my room tonight;

While some, in homeless poverty,
Shrink moaning from the bitter blast;
What am I, that my lines should be
In good and pleasant places cast?

When other souls despairing stand,
And plead with famished lips today,
Why is it that a loving hand
Should scatter blossoms on my way?

O flowers, with soft and dewy eyes,
To God my gratitude reveal;
Send up your incense to the skies
And utter, for me, what I feel!

O innocent roses, in your buds
Hiding for very modesty;
O violets, smelling of the woods,
Thank Him, with all your sweets for me!

And tell Him, I would give this hour
All that is mine of good beside,
To have the pure heart of a flower,
That has no stain of sin to hide.

PHŒBE CARY.

MIDSUMMER.

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

O softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.

The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where Summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

ROBERT BURNS.

UP IN THE TREE.

What would you see if I took you up
My little aerie-stair?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
Turned upside down in the air.

What would you do up my aerie-stair,
In my little nest on the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree,
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A SPRING SONG.

O Springtime sweet!
Over the hills come thy lovely feet;
The earth's white mantle is cast away,
She clothes herself all in green today;
And the little flowers that hid from the cold
Are springing anew from the warm, fresh mould.

O springtime sweet!
The whole earth smiles thy coming to greet;
Our hearts to their inmost depths are stirred
By the first spring flower and the song of the bird;
Our sweet, strange feelings no room can find,
They wander like dreams through heart and mind.

O springtime sweet!
How the old and the new in thy soft hours meet!
The dear, dead joys of the days long past,
The brightness and beauty that could not last,—
Their fair ghosts rise with the ending of snow,—
The springs and the summers of long ago.

O springtime sweet!
How thou once wert dear and fair and complete!
No sweetness of words nor of music could tell
The gladness that once made my bosom swell;
And thou art not the same as the springs of yore
For the beauty and blessing that come no more.

O springtime sweet!
With silent hope thy coming I greet;
For all that in winter the bright earth lost
Doth rise, new-born, with the ending of frost;
Even so shalt thou bring me—at last, at last!
All the hope and the joy and the love of the past.

ANON.

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so,—
Forever in mid-afternoon!
Ah, happy day of happy June!

Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass.

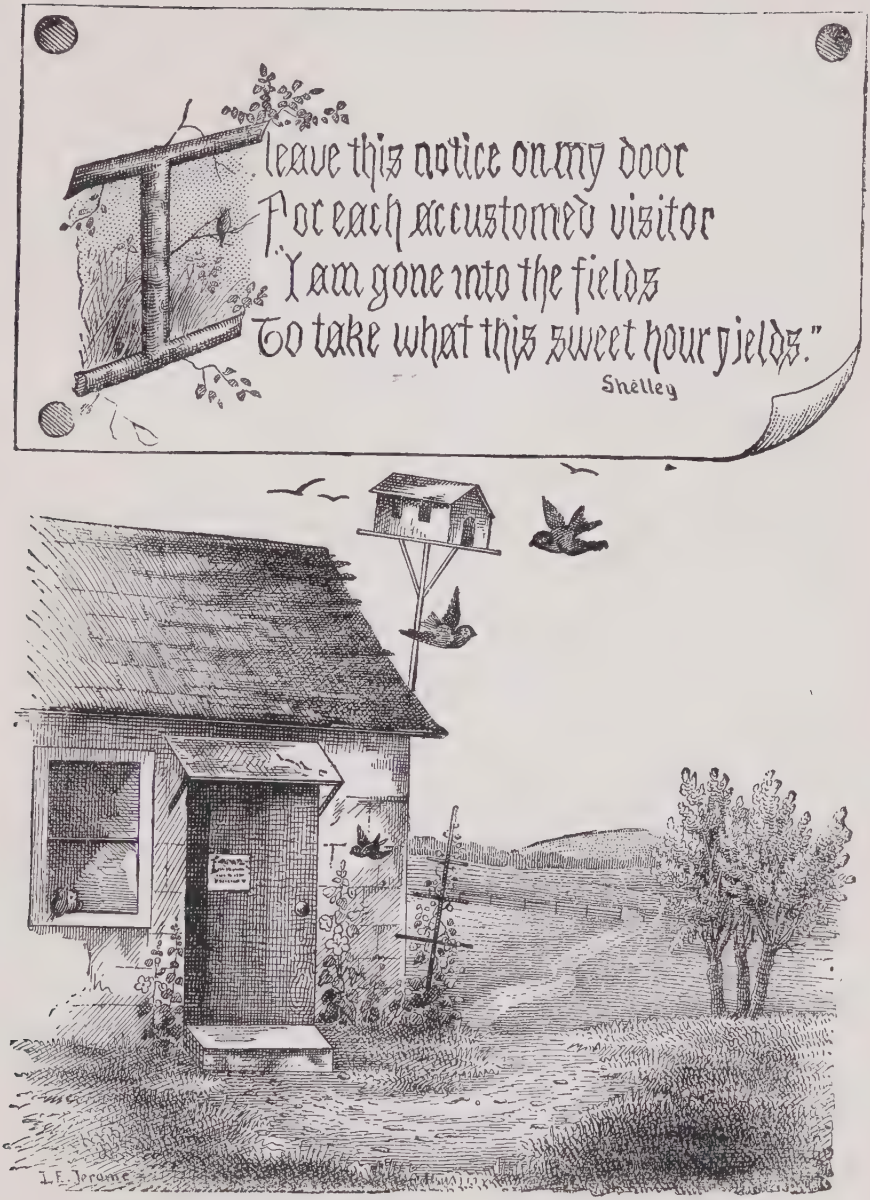
Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west;
But bid gray evening get her back,
With all the stars upon her track.
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie, like dissolving amethyst,
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander? — call the thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune!
Ah, happy day of happy June!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

"Ye come the heart to gladden with your smile,—
A gleam of brightness ere the winter near,—
Chasing our sadness with your magic will.
Happy their lot, like you, who soothe and cheer,
And life's November brighten and beguile."


I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor
"I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields."
Shelley
L.E. Jerome

THE GRASS.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on today, and tomorrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in Summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine,—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. JOHN RUSKIN.

God made the country and man made the town,
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves.

WILLIAM COWPER.

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart,
Reveals some clue to spiritual things.

J. R. LOWELL.

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

There's not a flower of Spring
That dies in June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit world,
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound.

E. B. BROWNING.

"TO THE DANDELION."

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.

* * * * * * *

'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summerlike warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

* * * * * * *

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

J. R. LOWELL.

"His presence
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees."

THE RHODORA.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool,
Make the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flowers that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

R. W. EMERSON.

BIRDS.

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His Godlike forehead by the mock-crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn,
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.
That bird did what she could; His blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;
Weasel nor wild cat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.

HOSKYNS-ABRAHALL.

Hear how the birds on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!

ALEXANDER POPE.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SONG OF THE ROBINS.

They come from a land of splendor,
The tribe of the ruddy breast,
When the blossoms and leaflets, tender
Awake from their wintry rest;

In the stilly and fragrant morning
Of the season of flowers, they come
And the streams to the winds give warning
With a joyous sound, and the hum
Of the bees in the meadow greet them,
And the voice of the storm is dumb.

One sits on the Manse's Elm,
High on the topmost spray,
That speaks like a plume on the helm
In the airs of the jocund day;
And even the blithe new-comer
Singeth his gladsome song,
"O Summer! O beautiful Summer!
O life of our lives! O strong,
Sweet child of the amorous sunbeams,
With thee from thy heaven, we throng!"

From the copse of the sumac-bushes
Rings out the oriole's strain,
And the bobolink's sweet note gushes
With the thrill of its love's first pain,
And mixed with their songs like laughter
Of a babe on its mother's knee,
Came the robin's glad notes after,
As he sits on his branching tree
Where the young lambs shine beneath him
And dance in their morning glee.

They come the sweet song singing
Of the little Babes in the Wood;
They come, the memory bringing
Of Christ on the Holy Rood.
When there by the Sacred City
The robin forsook its nest
In the glow of immortal pity

To stanch with its faithful breast,
The blood, from the dread wound flowing,
Still worn at the Lord's behest!

Ah! could I know what wings them
From lands with all beauty rife,
Ah! could I know what brings them,
I'd know the riddle of life;
What magical hand impels them
From climes of the south to stray,
What wonderful whisper tells them
O'er deserts and woods their way
To their natal homes, returning
At the breath of the winter gray!

ROBERT D. JOYCE.

THE CUCKOO.

We heard it calling, clear and low,
That tender April morn; we stood,
And listened in the quiet wood,
We heard it, aye, long years ago.

It came, and with a strange, sweet cry,
A friend, but from a far-off land;
We stood and listened, hand in hand,
And heart to heart, my Love and I.

In dreamland then we found our joy,
And so it seemed as 'twere the bird
That Helen in old times had heard,
At noon beneath the oaks of Troy.

O time far off, and yet so near!
It came to her in that hushed grove;
It warbled while the wooing throve,
It sang the song she loved to hear.

And now I hear its voice again,
And still its message is of peace;
It sings of love that will not cease—
For me it never sings in vain.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

A HUMMING BIRD.

When the mild gold stars flower out
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.

If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin spinning-wheel!

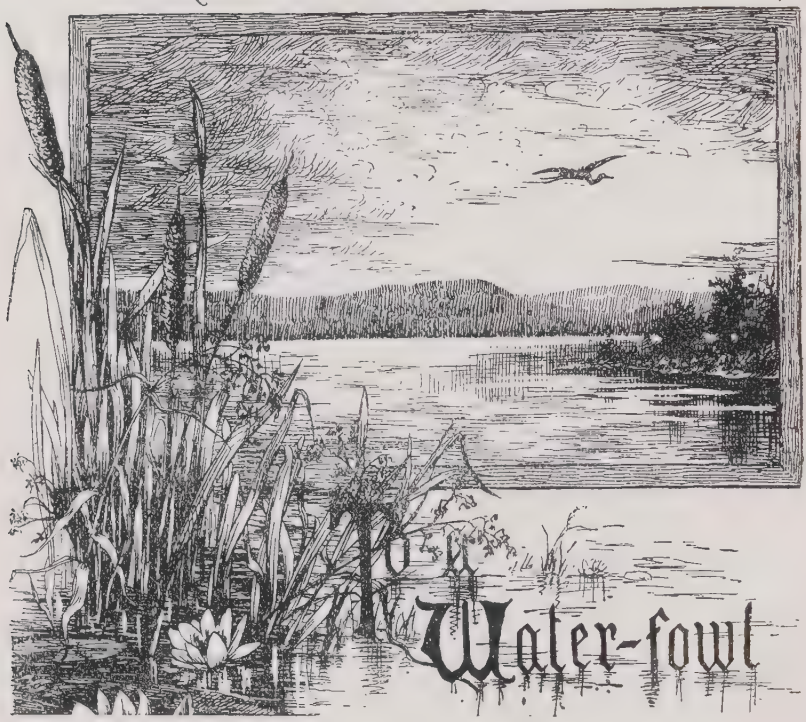
And then from the shape's vague sheen
Quick lustres of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat!

But fleetly across the gloom
This tremulous shape will dart,
While searching for some fresh bloom,
To quiver about its heart.

Then you, by thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily question them:
"Is it a gem, half bird,
Or is it a bird, half gem?"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.



To a Water-fowl

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes:
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE SWALLOW AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.

Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest;
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye—
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee, was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah, no! thou need'st no gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not, of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor!

What was it, then, some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak;
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got,
By instinct wise, much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be thy home,
So thou remaineth alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest!
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower!

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphant chant
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shades of annoyance
Never come near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,—
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,—
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bringest a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,—
A voice, a mystery!

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,—
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet,—
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts, in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses nigh.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
This little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

A TRUE HYMN.

My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say;
And still it runneth muttering up and down
With only this, "My joy, my life, my crown!"

Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness, which a hymn or psalm affords
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas, if th' heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want,
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)
"O, could I love!" and stops; God writeth, "Loved."

GEO. HERBERT.

TO AN ORIOLE.

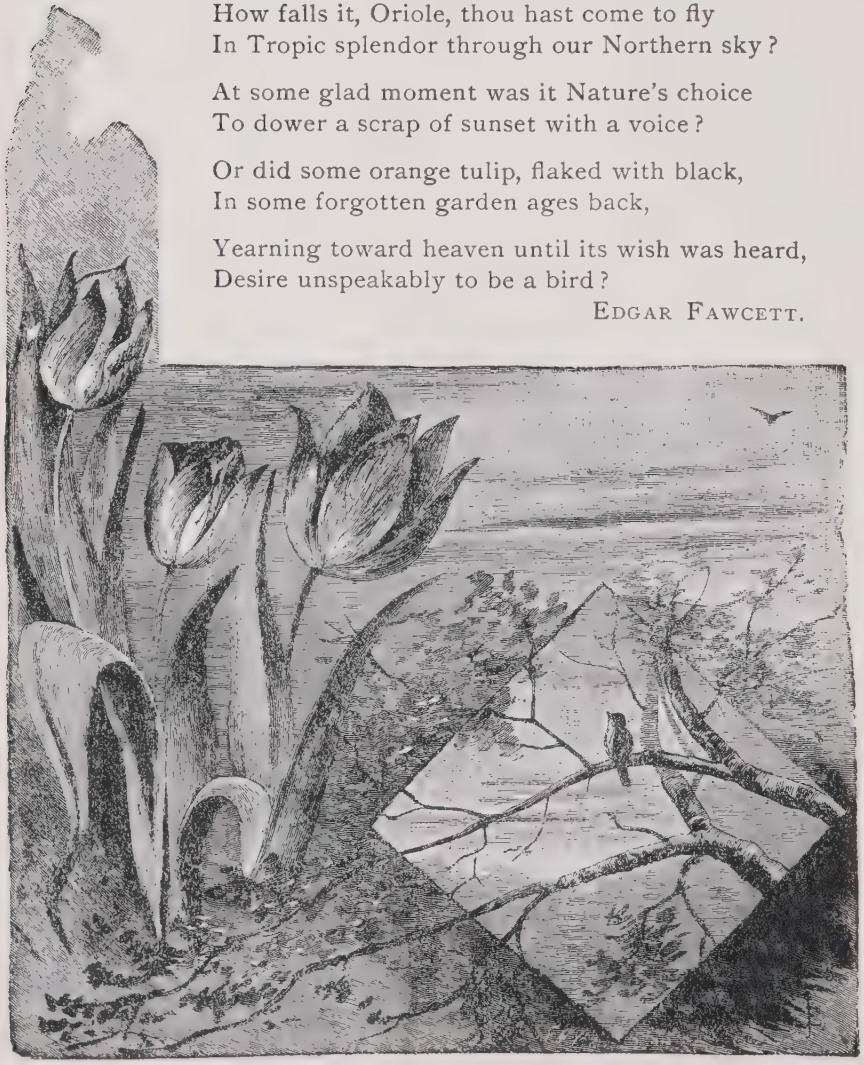
How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In Tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden ages back,

Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.



THE FALLOW FIELD.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping town;
But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,
But he glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is loud.
Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;
I have my share of the rain and dew;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long bright days pass, one by one,
And calm as yours is my sweet repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my lifeblood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed;
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the goldenrod.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

From "Harper's Magazine."

SUNDAY.

O Day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'n's palace archèd lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife*
Of the eternal glorious King.

*The Church.

On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offense;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the weekdays trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

GEORGE HERBERT.

Once I know I shall journey far
Over the mountains high
Lord, is thy door already ajar?
Dear is the home where thy saved ones are
But bar it awhile from me
And help me to long for Thee. E. Bigelow

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand; not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd today.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be. What is this Better, this flying Ideal, but the perpetual promise of his Creator?

R. W. EMERSON.

We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments, that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. IBID.

THE RECLUSE.

A Fountain issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colors catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock, and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
But thence when love had touched her soul
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

* * * * * *

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,— my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song!

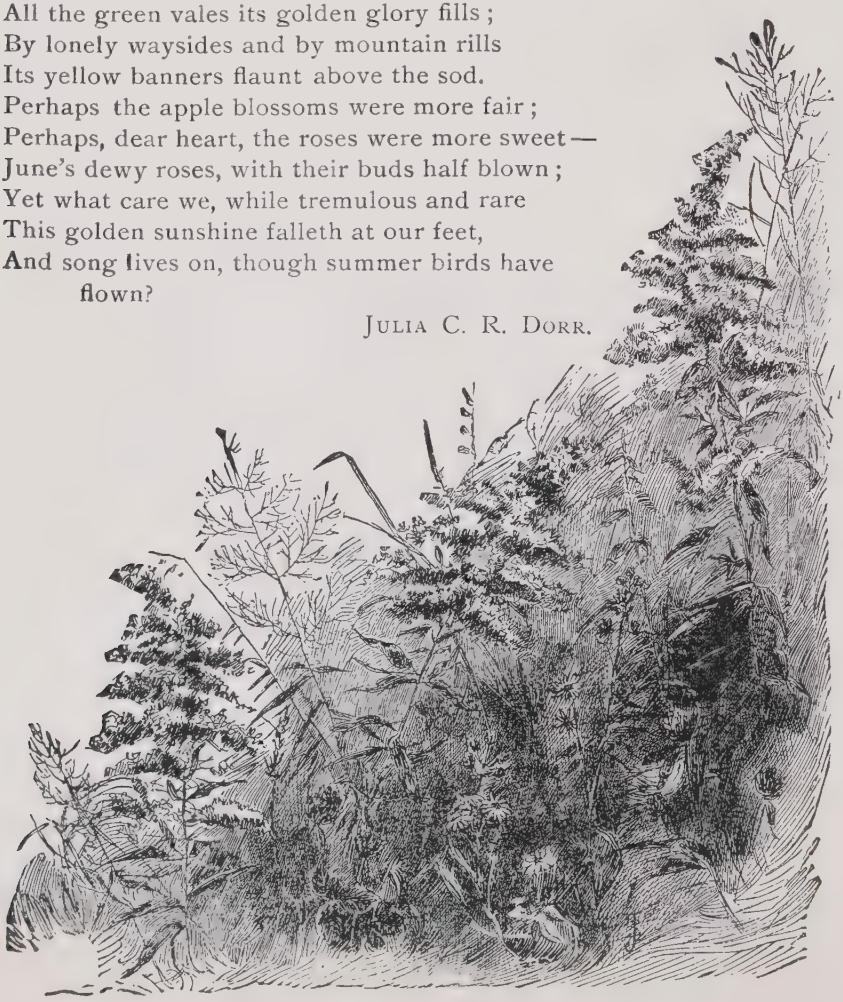
They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say, "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way."

W. C. GANNETT.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Let us go forth and gather golden-rod !
Oh, love, my love, see how upon the hills,
Where still the warm air palpitates and thrills,
And earth lies breathless in the smile of God,
Like plumes of serried hosts its tassels nod !
All the green vales its golden glory fills ;
By lonely waysides and by mountain rills
Its yellow banners flaunt above the sod.
Perhaps the apple blossoms were more fair ;
Perhaps, dear heart, the roses were more sweet—
June's dewy roses, with their buds half blown ;
Yet what care we, while tremulous and rare
This golden sunshine falleth at our feet,
And song lives on, though summer birds have flown?

JULIA C. R. DORR.



LIFE'S ESSENCE.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed in the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater.
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where
those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea!
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day. but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred, silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day. GEORGE ELIOT.

SATISFIED.

Life is unutterably dear,
God makes today so fair;
Though heaven is better,—being here,
I long not to be there.

The weights of life are pressing still,
Not one of them may fall;
Yet such strong joys my spirit fill,
That I can bear them all.

Though Care and Grief are at my side,
There would I let them stay,
And still be ever satisfied
With beautiful today.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast:
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

Calm in the hour of buoyant health
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war
The eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar.

A PICTURE FROM "SHIRLEY."

The gray church, and grayer tombs, look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs in moors, and unfledged birds in woods. * * * I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture—they are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the luster of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro' Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God.

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

Nature never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting or planting is the manners of Nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water.

R. W. EMERSON.

Thou will remember one warm morn when winter
Crept aged from the earth, and Spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills! the blackthorn boughs
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds.
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AUNT PHILLIS' GUEST.

ST. HELENA ISLAND, 1863.

I was young and "Harry" was strong,
The summer was bursting from sky and plain,
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along,
Till a picture flashed,—and I dropped the rein.

A black sea-creek, that like a snake
Slipped thro' a low gréen league of sedge,
An ebbing tide and a setting sun,
And a hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent, and her wool was gray,
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;
Children were buried and sold away,—
The Freedom had come to the last of a race.

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;
There was praise in the hut when the "pain" passed by;
From its floor of dirt the smoke curled out
Where the shingles were patched with bright blue sky.

"Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone?"
I asked, and pitied the old gray head;
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,
"*Me and Jesus, Massa,*" she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before:
The air was full of a music low,
And the guest divine stood at the door!

Ay, it was true that the Lord of Life
Who seeth the widow give her mite,
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,
And shown Himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The groveling want and the darkened mind,—
I looked on this,—but the Lord within;
Oh, I would what He saw was in me to find!

A childlike soul, whose faith had force
To see what the angels see in bliss;
She lived and the Lord lived,—so of course
They lived together,—she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
As something to pity, so poor and low,
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized;
He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done!
A few days more of the hut's unrest,
A little while longer to sit in the sun,
Then!—*He* would be host and *she* would be guest!

And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day,
And ask, "Who lives in the mansion bright?"
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, it seems?
And things are not as Aunt Phillis dreams?
Friend, be it so;
But this I know,—
That our faiths are foolish by falling below
Not coming above, what God will show;

That His commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never past;
That His *fact* in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

W. C. GANNETT.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

I have a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling, humble yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be fill'd
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair?
This noble house, this lodging rare,
So small and modest, yet so great?
How shall I fill its chambers bare
With use—with ornament—with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay:
'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
And make my labour my delight;
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure-house, this holy dome,
Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
To totter at each gale that starts,
But of substantial masonry,
Symmetrical in all its parts:
Fit in its strength to stand sublime,
For seventy years of mortal time,
Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attemper'd to the clime
In every cranny, nook, and pane.

I'll build it so, that if the blast
Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest when its rage has pass'd
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.

I'll build it so that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
For its commodiousness and grace:
Firm on the ground—straight to the sky—
A meek, but goodly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form,
Within I'll build it clean and white;
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
And ever open to the light.
No tortuous passages or stair,
No chamber foul, or dungeon lair,
No gloomy attic shall there be,
But wide apartments order'd fair
And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnish'd well,
The house shall be a home complete;
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,
The humble tenant may retreat.
The first a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal,
A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door-window to the green
Smooth-shaven sward, and arching bowers,
Where lore or talk or song between,
May gild his intellectual hours.

The third an oratory dim,
    But beautiful, where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn,
    Of love and gratitude and praise.
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
    And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
    Ineffable Eternity!

Such is the house that I must build—
    This is the cottage—this the dome,—
And this the palace, treasure-fill'd
    For an immortal's earthly home.
O noble work of toil and care!
O task most difficult and rare!
    O simple but most arduous plan!
To raise a dwelling-place so fair,—
    The sanctuary of a man.

CHARLES MACKAY.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The apple trees with bloom are all aglow—
    Soft drifts of perfumed light—
A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
    A laugh of Spring's delight.

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
    The valley's pure repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
    Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads clustering thick they shed
    Their sweets to murm'ring bees;
And o'er hushed lanes and wayside fountains spread
    Their pictured canopies.

Green-breasted knolls and forest edges wear
Their beautiful array;
And lonesome graves are sheltered, here and there,
With their memorial spray.

The efflorescence on unnumbered boughs
Pants with delicious breath;
O'er me seem laughing eyes and fair smooth brows,
And shapes too sweet for death.

Clusters of dimpled faces float between
The soft caressing plumes,
And lovely creatures 'mid the branches lean,
Lulled by faint, flower-born tunes.

A rude wind blows and, as the blossoms fall,
My heart is borne away;
Fainter and fainter tender voices call
Of my enamored May.

Fainter and fainter—Oh, how strange it seems
With so much sweetness fled!
I go like one who dreams within his dreams
That, living, he is dead.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

THE SONG OF REBECCA.

FROM IVANHOE.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

WALTER SCOTT.

RECOMPENSE.

The summer coaxed me to be glad,
Entreating with the primrose hue
Of sunset skies, with downward calls
From viewless larks, with winds that blew
The red-tipped clover's breast abroad,
And told the mirth of waterfalls;
In vain! my heart would not be wooed
From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies
A withered rose slipped from my book,
And as I caught its faint perfume
The soul of summer straight forsook
The little tenement it loved,
And filled the world with song and bloom,
Missed, in their season, by my sense:
So found my heart its recompense.

ANNIE R. ANNAN.

When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide.

WILLIAM COWPER

Of mementoes of birthdays Mrs. L. M. Child says: "For my part I am delighted to find a few flowers on the milestones as I pass along. No matter how simple they are: a buttercup is as good as a japonica; somebody placed it there who remembered I was going by, and that is sufficient."

"We do not always realize that our good things in this world are all transitory and to be enjoyed promptly, each in its season."

He who bends to his life a joy,
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Poetry is full of flower-fields, because each flower seems full of poetry to us. The flower-names are often little poems in themselves. Those long, uncouth names, dreaded in botany, hide nature-meanings in them. Heliotrope is "she who turns to the sun"; Mesembryanthemum is "flower of mid-day"; Nasturtion carries its meaning of "bent-nose" in its face; Geranium is "crain's-bill,"—let the seed-vessel grow and it will tell the reason why; Saxifrage is "rock-cleaver," named so from its birthplace in the clefts; Anemone is "wind-flower." These, you see, were but simple heart-and-eye names to the Greeks or Romans, just as

we call the pets heart's-ease, day's-eye, morning-glory, honeysuckle, mignonette. Each people has its own. Other flower-names come down to us impearled with myth and story,—the hyacinth, narcissus, Solomon's-seal, arethusa, the passion-flower. What sacred romances the lotus-flower, the martyr's-palm, the victor's laurel, recall! There is probably no famous poet that has not sealed his fame into a song about some favorite of the field. Wordsworth's celandines and daffodils are noted, and Burns' daisy, and Herbert's rose, and Emerson's rhodora, and Lowell's dandelion; while in Chaucer the whole spring buds and sings, and all along the lines of Tennyson flowers brush you with fine touches.

Nay, every one plays poet with them, although he write no verses. We use them to interpret all the tenderest things in life. When the lovers want to tell the unutterable words, they betake themselves to the dumb messengers who have learned to say so much. When we want to remember a hilltop view, a meeting that has made a holiday, some spot holy with old history, we pluck a flower to hold the memory fast. When we want to send the home-presence tangibly in a letter, a flower from the window or the field close by will carry it best. Old books drop out the faded blossoms, put there "to mark great places with due gratitude." The California miner caught sight of the mountain heart's-ease just where his uplifted pick was going to fall, and, ere it fell, he was at home across the continent, and in his own pasture, where, a barefoot boy, he drove the cows a thousand times. Hollyhocks and lilacs,—who thinks of them and does not see a quiet country dooryard in the sunshine? The sick soldiers in army hospitals, longing for certain faces, tones and touches, greeted the flowers as the best substitute. "Now, I've got something for you!" said a woman nurse, holding the bunch behind her, to a very sick New England soldier,—"something for you, just like what grows in your front dooryard at home. Guess!" "Lalocs!" he whispered, and she laid them on his folded hands. "Oh, lalocs! how did you know that?" The lilacs outlived him. * * * We bring flowers into our churches: like music visible, they fill the pauses in the service; and who comes here with purer face or life of sweeter obedience to the laws of Nature? So sweet, so pure they are, that, like our holiest friends, they fit not joy and wedding moments only, but still more naturally they come in amid the tragedies, the silences, the heartbreaks. Is not this the reason why?—

"When heaven grows dim, and faith seeks to renew
The image of its everlasting dower,
I know no argument so sweet as through
The bosom of a flower,—

"A wicket-gate to heaven (of which Death
Is the grand portal, sealed to mortal eyes),
Between whose little bars there comes the breath
Of airs from Paradise."

When the "grand portal" has opened and shut close to us, and we are left with straining gaze outside, the "wicket-gate" seems to give comfort. It seems to grant some little vision into the hidden heart of things, suggesting that the darkness everywhere holds possibilities better even than our hopes. Save for the flower-fact who could have dreamed that such beauty lurked in the dark earth, was latent in the tiny seed? So we place the flowers around the still, cold face; we lay them on graves; we bring them to the sick room and the bedside of the dying; and everywhere, after words fail and even music hushes, their presence is a voiceless, unconfuted argument that the Power within all silences and pains and tragedies is Love, and that the possibilities of life are infinite.

W. C. Gannett.

SERVICE.

When I beheld a lover woo
A maid unwilling,
And saw what lavish deeds men do,
Hope's flagon filling,—
What vines are tilled, what wines are spilled,
And madly wasted,
To fill the flask that's never filled,
And rarely tasted;

Devouring all life's heritage,
And inly starving;
Dulling the spirit's mystic edge,
The banquet carving;
Feasting with Pride, that Barmecide
Of unreal dishes;
And wandering ever in a wide,
Wide world of wishes;

For gain or glory, lands and seas
Endlessly ranging,
Safety and years and health and ease
Freely exchanging;—
When, ever as I moved, I saw
The world's contagion,
Then turned, O Love! to thy sweet law
And compensation,—

Well might red shame my cheek consume!
O service slighted!
O Bride of Paradise, to whom
I long was plighted!
Do I with burning lips profess
To serve thee wholly,
Yet labor less for blessedness
Than fools for folly?

The wary worldling spread his toils
Whilst I was sleeping;
The wakeful miser locked his spoils,
Keen vigils keeping;
I loosed the latches of my soul
To pleading Pleasure,
Who stayed one little hour, and stole
My heavenly treasure.

A friend for friend's sake will endure
Sharp provocations;
And knaves are cunning to secure,
By cringing patience,
And smiles upon a smarting cheek,
Some dear advantage,—
Swathing their grievances in meek
Submission's bandage.

Yet for thy sake I will not take
One drop of trial,
But raise rebellious hands to break
The bitter vial,
At hardship's surly-visaged churl
My spirit sallies;
And melts, O Peace! thy priceless pearl
In passion's chalice.

Yet never quite, in darkest night,
Was I forsaken;
Down trickles still some starry rill
My heart to waken.
O Love Divine! could I resign
This changeful spirit
To walk thy ways, what wealth of grace
Might I inherit!

If one poor flower of thanks to thee
Be truly given,
All night thou snowest down to me
Lilies of heaven!
One task of human love fulfilled,
Thy glimpses tender
My days of lonely labor gild
With gleams of splendor!

One prayer,— "Thy will, not mine!" and bright,
O'er all my being,
Breaks blissful light, that gives to sight
A subtler seeing;
Straightway mine ear is tuned to hear
Ethereal numbers,
Whose secret symphonies insphere
The dull earth's slumbers.

"Thy will!"— and I am armed to meet
Misfortune's volleys;
For every sorrow I have sweet,
Oh, sweetest solace!
"Thy will!"— no more I hunger sore,
For angels feed me;
Henceforth for days, by peaceful ways,
They gently lead me.

For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty,
And all my paths are dewy wet
With pleasant duty;
Beneath the boughs of calm content
My hammock swinging,
In their green tent my eves are spent,
Thy praises singing.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm,
From eating care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm — pray, work, and sing.

J. S. BLACKIE.

GOD.

A POEM BY DERZHAVIN, A RUSSIAN POET, BORN 1763.

[Derzhavin, after serving some time in the army, was made successively a Councillor of State, Ambassador of Senate, President of the College of Commerce, Public Cashier, and, in 1802, Minister of Justice. The poem on God, by this author, has been translated into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and is hung up embroidered with gold in the Temple of Jeddo. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace of Pekin.]

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all,— supporting,— ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God,— and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep — may count
The sands, or the sun's rays — but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou, from primeval nothingness, did call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,

Sole Origin; all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hath bound,
And beautifully mingled Life and Death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with light, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yet, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Nought!

Nought but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the Throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something; fashioned by Thy hand,
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? So marvelously
Constructed and conceived — unknown. This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,

Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to Thee, its Author — there.

O thought ineffable! O visions blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee!)
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence,—Being, wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BOWRING.

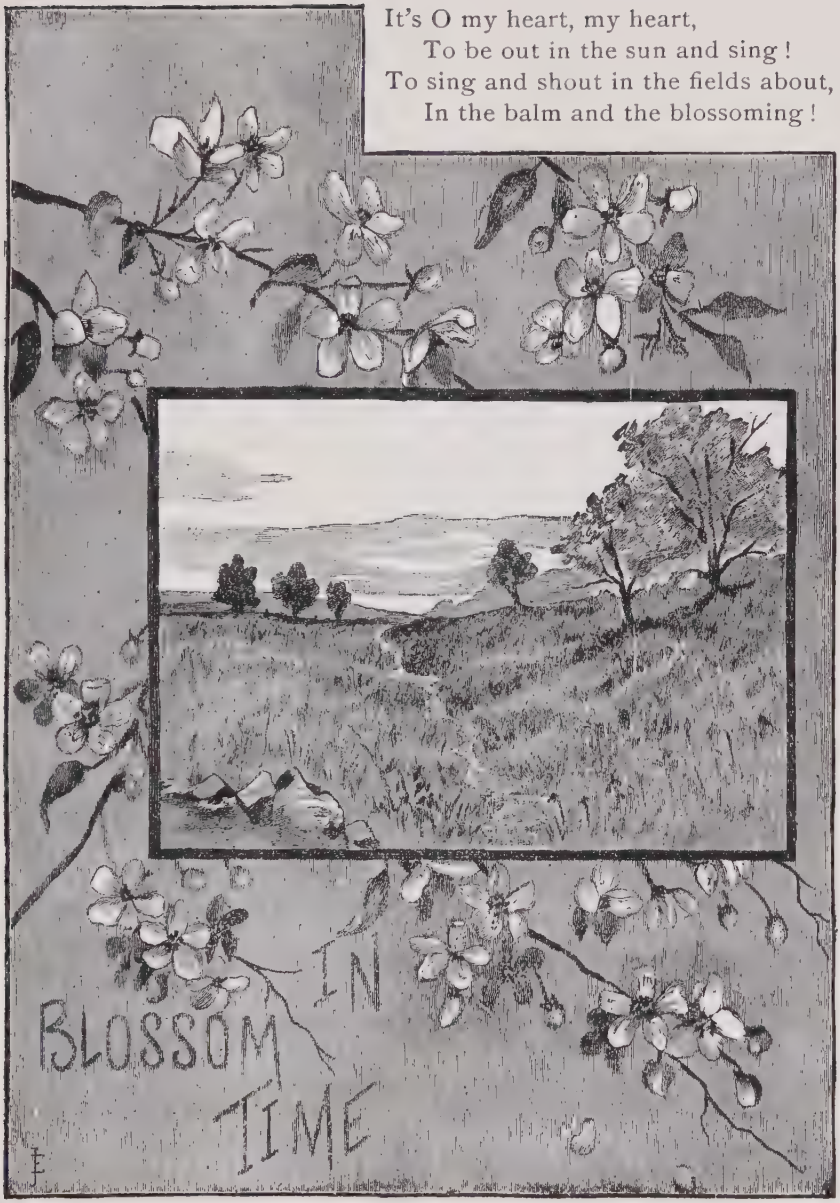
It is not intended that he (man) should look away from the place he lives in now and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself, with which however he is not at present concerned, will come of it hereafter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

"He who can plant courage in the human soul is its best physician."

I look forward to the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something when I am falling.

GEORGE ELIOT.


It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!
IN
BLOSSOM
TIME

Sing loud, O bird in the tree!
O bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees, blacken the clover-bed—
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair—
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossoms, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush!
O skylark, sing in the blue!
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

FROM "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hill below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

* * * * * * * *

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began,—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope. To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Our hopes, though they never happen, yet are some kind of happiness; as trees whilst they are still growing please in the prospect, though they bear no fruit."

Hope is the cordial of the human heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears. T. B. ALDRICH.

Among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is manaolana, or the *swimming-thought*, — faith floating and keeping its head aloft above water, when all the waves and billows are going over — a strikingly beautiful definition of Hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question "What was his idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled on."

THE HAPPY HEART.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny nonny!

T. DEKKER.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

CHARLES COTTON.

ARABIC INSCRIPTION.

Sir William Jones, in his voyage to India, found in the island of Johanna, a secluded speck in the Atlantic off the coast of Africa, this inscription (in Arabic) above the door of a mosque:

"The world was given us for our own edification,
Not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings;
Life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties,
Not for pleasurable indulgence;
Wealth, to be liberally bestowed,
Not avariciously hoarded;
And learning, to produce good actions,
Not empty disputes."

CLEAR THE WAY!

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,

There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right, shall many more
Enter, smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong, shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

My friend, your golden age is gone;
But good men still can bring it back again;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll say
The golden age of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no time was
On earth one whit more than it is today;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so
As all good men can bring it back tomorrow.

J. Wolfgang Von Goethe.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage and with meekness.
A sunny face
Hath holy grace
To woo the sun forever.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

"The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye
The idle man never can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury."

"I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was sung,
But the thought surpassed the metre;
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought,
Or if ever a painter with side and shade,
The dream of his inmost soul portrayed!"

"Sunshine is like love, — it makes everything shine with its own beauty."

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.
R. W. Emerson.

There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up. Joseph Addison.

It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulnesses of life, and let the dismals shift for themselves; believing with good Sir Thomas More that it is wise to "be merrie in God."
Louisa M. Alcott.

I have learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them. John Stuart Mill.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

— This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

"Worry is the rust of the soul."

What stronger *breastplate* than a heart *untainted?*
Thrice is he *armed* that hath his quarrel *just,*
And he but *naked,* though locked up in *steel,*
Whose conscience with injustice is *corrupted.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May.
Although it fall and die that night
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

'Twere little praise
Did full resources wait on our good will
At every turn.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Welcome such rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go.

IBID.

"The aim should be perfection,
Patience the road."

Every man has his block given him, and the figure he cuts will depend very much upon the shape of that — upon the knots and twists which existed in it from the beginning. We were designed in the cradle, perhaps earlier, and it is in finding out this design and shaping ourselves

to it, that our years are spent wisely. It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes, and lives left in the rough.

J. R. Lowell.

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven."

SUMMER STUDIES.

Why shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All veined, and dewed, and gemmed with wondrous signs,
To which a healing, mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call
From the fair hilltop, from the waterfall;
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth;
Behold the yearly miracle complete,—
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants his joyful garments now,
No flower that hastes his bravery to don;
God bids thee to this marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding-garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands;
The ferns exultant clap their new-made wings;
The hemlock rustles broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long, light fingers of the old white pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous show,—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With thy last year's dry flower-stalks and dead leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound!
The grass and flowers with living power o'ergrow
Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

Wilt thou, then, all thy wintry feelings keep,—
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore?
Nor deem that God can teach by one bright hour
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky!
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy breast,
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to *think,* and be content *to be*,—
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming pine,
And float with Nature all the livelong day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight;
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.

H. B. STOWE.

"And he mistakes who tries
To search all mysteries,
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untracked:
Who seeks to know so much
Brushes with eager touch
The bloom of fancy from the brier of fact.

Keep one fair myth aloof
From hard and actual proof;
Preserve some dear delusions, as they seem,
Since the reality,
How bright soe'er it be,
Shows dull and cold beside our marvelous dream."

What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.

GEORGE ELIOT.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.
Poems that ripple through lowliest lives,
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May.
Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.
Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, oh, beautiful friend!

ANON.

FROM GEORGE W. CURTIS' ORATION AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BURNS STATUE IN NEW YORK.

Once more we recognize that no gift is more divine than the poet's, that no influence is more profound, that no human being is a truer benefactor of his kind. The spiritual power of poetry, indeed, like that of natural beauty, is immeasurable. * * * It is not easy to define and describe Robert Burns' service to the world. To what other man was it ever given so to transfigure the country of his birth and love? He interpreted Scotland as no other country has been revealed by a kindred genius. England does not love Shakespeare, nor Italy Dante, nor Germany Goethe, with the passionate ardor with which Scotland loves Burns. * * * Burns was the singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning and sweet as its breath; songs with which the

lover woos his bride, and the mother soothes her child, and the heart of a people beats with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor and console human sorrow and exalt human life. We cannot find out the secret of their power. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dew-drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves, or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration; whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man,—who shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener and consoler. How the faith of Christendom has been stayed for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem! If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry. * * * The poet's power is not dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the state, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. GEORGE W. CURTIS.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON VERSE.

It is one of my constant regrets, in this generation, that men to whom the gods have given a genius (which means a light of intelligence, of courage, and all manfulness, or else means nothing) will insist, in such an earnest time as ours has grown, in bringing out their divine gift in the shape of *verse*, which now no man reads entirely in earnest. That a man has to bring out his gift in *words* of any kind, and not in silent divine *actions*,

which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune for him; but that he should select verse, with its half-credibilities and other sad accompaniments, when he might have prose, and be wholly credible, if he desired it — this I lay at the door of our spiritual teachers (pedants mostly, and speaking an obsolete dialect), who thereby incalculably rot the world; making him who might have been a soldier and a fighter (so terribly wanted just at present) a mere preacher and idle singer. This is a fixed perception of mine, growing ever more fixed these many years; and I offer it to you, as I have done to many others in the like case, not much hoping that you will believe in it all at once. But certainly a good, wise, earnest piece in prose from you would please me better than the musicallest verses could.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"As for such an assertion as that Shelley's, or Tennyson's or Wordsworth's poetry, *or any true poetry whatever*, loses 'earnestness' by its form of verse, it seems to us simply ludicrous. * * * Who would venture to distort and torture into prose the highest specimens of specifically 'earnest' poetry, Milton's 'Samson Agonistes' or Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty'?"

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know I anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through
thee, are fresh and strong."

"No; Mr. Carlyle's objection to verse is the objection of a noble mind out of tune, which is always craving to mark the discords of its own depths. Verse is the natural and only possible instrument of expression both for overpowering lyrical feeling and for complete imaginative insight."

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Poetry is the only verity,—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent.

R. W. EMERSON.

He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence.

IBID.

I do loves poetry, sir, 'specially the sacred. * * * For there be summut in it * * * which smooths a man's heart like a clothes-brush wipes away the dust and dirt, and sets all the nap right.

BULWER LYTTON.

OF POESY.

In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,

Or a shady brush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also, now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the busy gall of sadness,
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Walled about with disrespect,
From all these and this dull air,—
A fit object for despair,—
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy! thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

GEORGE WITHER.

I have a passion for ballads. * * * They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature—in the genial Summertime. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"THE SONNET."

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an Exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle Leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glowworm Lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery Land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Books wind into the heart; the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old.

SAMUEL SMILES.

I call that, the Book of Job, aside from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny—and God's way with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse—"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he *laughs* at the shaking of the spear!

Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

INSCRIPTION ON THE LIBRARY AT ALEXANDRIA.

[Founded about 300 B.C. Destroyed A.D. 640.]

The Nourishment of the Soul; or, according to Diodorus, The Medicine of the Mind.

D'ISRAELI'S "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

In the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being; and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Oh, that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.
This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then, as dispersed herbs do make a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.
Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee. For in everything
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.
Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain!
Thou art all health; health thriving till it make
A full eternity!

IBID.

"Oh, holy, holy Book of God!
There are no words like thine;
The tones the angels bow to hear
Flow through these lines divine;
And come with love's own melody
From the King's heart to mine."

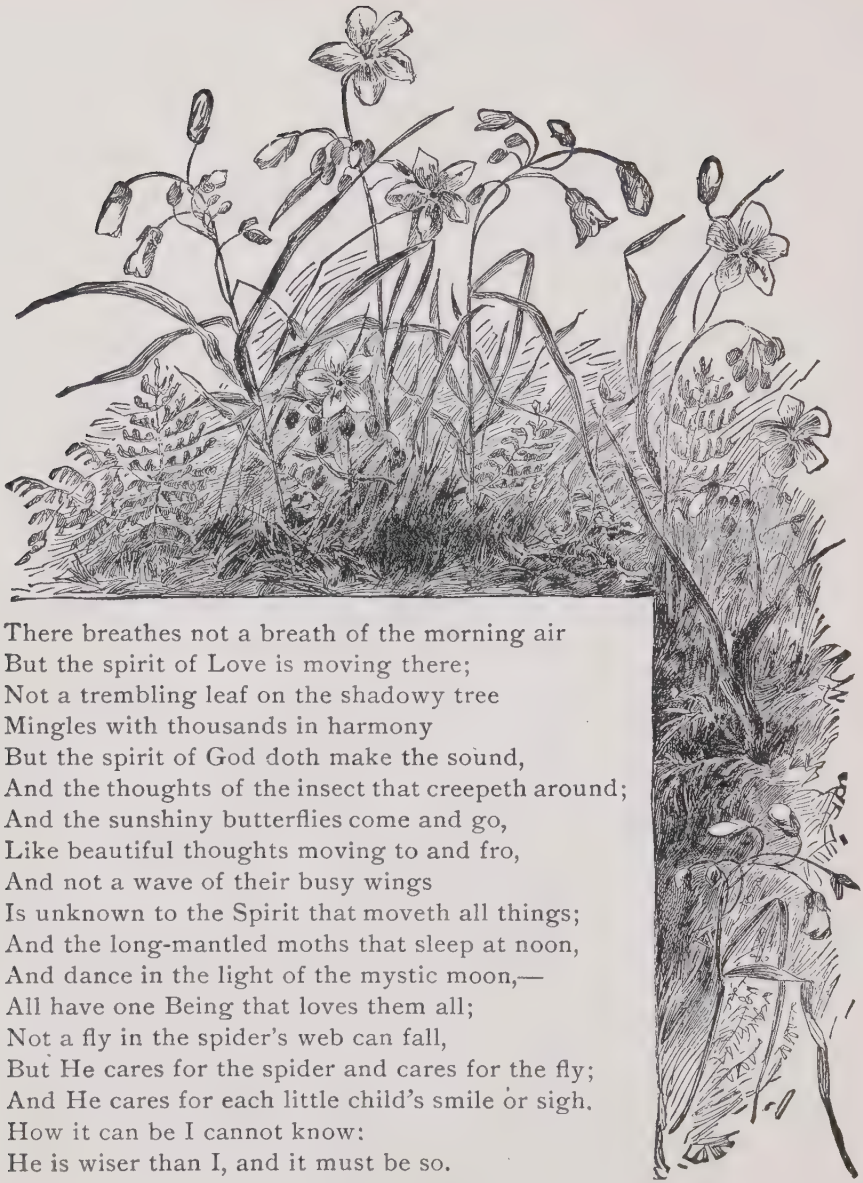
Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LIVING BOOK.

This bears the seal of immortality,
For every soul that reads it, feels the search
Of answering thought, and thousands there may be
Saying at once, "How straight that looks at me!"
Nor child nor fool it leaveth in the lurch;
But, like the eyes that mark great Guido's fame,
It follows every one, as if by name.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.



There breathes not a breath of the morning air
But the spirit of Love is moving there;
Not a trembling leaf on the shadowy tree
Mingles with thousands in harmony
But the spirit of God doth make the sound,
And the thoughts of the insect that creepeth around;
And the sunshiny butterflies come and go,
Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro,
And not a wave of their busy wings
Is unknown to the Spirit that moveth all things;
And the long-mantled moths that sleep at noon,
And dance in the light of the mystic moon,—
All have one Being that loves them all;
Not a fly in the spider's web can fall,
But He cares for the spider and cares for the fly;
And He cares for each little child's smile or sigh.
How it can be I cannot know:
He is wiser than I, and it must be so.

GEO. MACDONALD.

Sir William Jones, the great European and oriental scholar, said, "I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and purer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatsoever age or language."

FROM "THE CAXTONS."

"I say, then, that books, taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a world of science necessary in the taking them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—counter-irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart! If science is too much against the grain (for we have not all got mathematical heads), something in the reach of the humblest understanding, but sufficiently searching to the highest—a new language—Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese, or Welch! For the loss of fortune the dose should be applied less directly to the understanding. I would administer something elegant and cordial. For as the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. Here we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. For observe that poets of the grander and more comprehensive kind of genius have in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other—the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits diseases of the mind, half imaginative and half practical.

There is Homer, now lost with the gods, now at home with the homeliest, the very 'poet of circumstance,' as Grey has finely called him; and yet with imagination enough to seduce and coax the dullest into forgetting, for awhile, that little spot on his desk which his banker's book can cover. There is Virgil, far below him, indeed—

"Virgil the wise,
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies,"

as Cowley expresses it. But Virgil still has genius enough to be two men—to lead you into the fields, not only to listen to the pastoral reed, and to hear the bees hum, but to note how you can make the most of the glebe and the vineyard. There is Horace, charming man of the world, who will condole with you feelingly on the loss of your fortune, and by no means undervalue the good things of this life, but who will yet show you that a man may be happy with a *vile modicum* or *parva rura*. There is Shakespeare, who, above all poets, is the mysterious dual of hard sense and empyreal fancy—and a great many more, whom I need not name; but who, if you take to them gently and quietly, will not, like your mere philosopher, your unreasonable stoic, tell you that you have lost nothing; but who will insensibly steal you out of this world, with its losses and crosses, and slip you into another world before you know where you are! a world where you are just as welcome, though you carry no more earth of your lost acres with you than covers the sole of your shoe. Then, for hypochondria and satiety, what is better than a brisk alterative course of travels—especially early, out-of-the-way, marvelous, legendary travels! How they freshen up the spirits! How they take you out of the humdrum-yawning state you are in! See, with Herodotus, young Greece spring up into life; or note with him how already the wondrous old Orient world is crumbling into giant decay; or go with Carpini and Rubruquis to Tartary, meet the carts of Zagathai laden with houses, and think that a great city is traveling toward you! Gaze on that vast wild empire of the Tartar, where the descendants of Jenghis multiply and disperse over the immense waste desert, which is as boundless as the ocean. Sail with the early northern discoverers, and penetrate to the heart of winter, among sea-serpents and bears, and tusked morses, with the faces of men. Then, what think you of Columbus, and the stern soul of Cortes, and the kingdom of Mexico, and the strange

gold city of the Peruvians with that audacious brute, Pizarro? and the Polynesians, just for all the world like the ancient Britons? and the American Indians, and the South-sea Islanders? how petulant, and young, and adventurous, and frisky your hypochondriac must get upon a regimen like that! Then, for that vice of the mind which I call sectarianism—not in the religious sense of the word, but little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your next-door neighbor, because he has his eggs roasted when you have yours boiled; and gossiping and prying into people's affairs, and backbiting, and thinking heaven and earth are coming together, if some broom touch a cobweb that you have let grow over the window-sill of your brains—what like a large and generous, mildly aperient (I beg your pardon, my dear) course of history! How it clears away all the fumes of the head! better than the hellebore with which the old leeches of the middle ages purged the cerebellum. There, amidst all that great whirl and *sturmbad* (storm-bath), as the Germans say, of kingdoms and empires, and races and ages, how your mind enlarges beyond that little feverish animosity to John Styles; or that unfortunate prepossession of yours, that all the world is interested in your grievances against Tom Stokes and his wife!

I can only touch, you see, on a few ingredients in this magnificent pharmacy: its resources are boundless, but require the nicest discretion. I remember to have cured a disconsolate widower, who obstinately refused every other medicament, by a strict course of geology. I dipped him deep into gneiss and mica schist. Amidst the first strata, I suffered the watery action to expend itself upon cooling crystallized masses; and, by the time I had got him into the Tertiary period, among the transition chalks of Maestricht, and the conchiferous marls of Gosan, he was ready for a new wife. Kitty, my dear! it is no laughing matter. I made no less notable a cure of a young scholar at Cambridge, who was meant for the church, when he suddenly caught a cold fit of freethinking, with great shiverings, from wading out of his depths in Spinosa. None of the divines, whom I first tried, did him the least good in that state; so I turned over a new leaf, and doctored him gently upon the chapters of faith in Abraham Tucker's book (you should read it, Sisty); then I threw in strong doses of Fichte; after that I put him on the Scotch metaphysicians, with plunge-baths into certain German transcendentalists, and having convinced him that faith is not an unphilosophical state of mind,

and that he might believe without compromising his understanding— for he was mightily conceited on that score—I threw in my divines, which he was now fit to digest; and his theological constitution, since then, has become so robust, that he has eaten up two livings and a deanery! In fact, I have a plan for a library that, instead of heading its compartments 'Philology, Natural Science, Poetry,' etc., one shall head them according to the diseases for which they are severally good, bodily and mental —up from a dire calamity, or the pangs of the gout, down to a fit of the spleen or a slight catarrh; for which last your light reading comes in with a whey-posset and barley-water. But," continued my father, more gravely, "when some one sorrow that is yet reparable gets hold of your mind like a monomania—when you think, because heaven has denied you this or that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh! then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it! You thought the wing was broken!—Tut—tut—it was but a bruised feather! See what life leaves behind it when all is done! a summary of positive facts far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here! Roland, you said you would try my prescription—here it is,"—and my father took up a book and reached it to the captain. My uncle looked over it—"Life of the Reverend Robert Hall," "Brother, he was a dissenter, and, thank heaven! I am a church-and-state man to the backbone!" "Robert Hall was a brave man and a true soldier under the Great Commander," said my father, artfully. The captain mechanically carried his forefinger to his forehead in military fashion and saluted the book respectfully. "I have another copy for you, Pisistratus—that is mine which I have lent Roland. This, which I bought for you today, you will keep." "Thank you, sir," said I, listlessly, not seeing what great good the "Life of Robert Hall" could do me, or why the same medicine should suit the old weather-beaten uncle and the nephew yet in his teens. "I have said nothing," resumed my father, slightly bowing his broad temples, "of the Book of Books, for that is the *lignum-vitæ*, the cardinal medicine for all. These are but the subsidiaries."

LORD BULWER LYTTON.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon other occasions besides my dinner. Why have we no form of grace for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queen.

CHARLES LAMB.

The name of "Wise" seems to me, O Phædrus, a great matter, and to belong to God alone.

A man may be more fitly denominated "philosophus," "*would-be-wise*," or some such name.

PLATO.

FROM "ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE FORMS OF LITERATURE."

* * * In all our estimation of the various qualities of books, if it be true that our reading assists our life, it is true also that our life assists our reading. If we let our spirit talk to us in undistracted moments—if we commune with friendly, serious Nature, face to face, often—if we pursue honorable aims in a steady progress—if we learn how a man's best work falls below his thought, yet how still his failure prompts a tenderer love of his thought—if we live in sincere, frank relations with some few friends, joying in their joy, hearing the tale and sharing the pain of their grief, and in frequent interchange of honest, household sensibility—if we look about us on character, marking distinctly what we can see, and feeling the prompting of a hundred questions concerning what is out of our ken;—if we live thus, we shall be good readers and critics of books, and improving ones. * * * In meditative hours, when we blend despair of ourself with complaint of the world, the biography of a man successful in this great business of living is as the visit of an angel sent to strengthen us. Give the soldier his sword, the farmer his plow, the carpenter his hammer and nails, the manufacturer his machines, the merchant his stores, and the scholar his books; these are but implements; the man is more than his work or

tools. How far has he fulfilled the law of his being, and attained its desire? Is his life a whole; the days as threads and as touches; the life, the well-woven garment, the well-painted picture? Which of two sacrifices has he offered — the one so acceptable to the powers of dark worlds, the other so acceptable to powers of bright ones — that of soul to body, or that of body to soul? Has he slain what was holiest in him to obtain gifts from Fashion or Mammon? Or has he, in days so arduous, so assiduous, that they are like a noble army of martyrs, made burnt-offering of what was secondary, throwing into the flames the salt of true moral energy and the incense of cordial affections? We want the work to show us by its parts, its mass, its form, the qualities of the man, and to see that the man is perfected through his work as well as the work finished by his effort. * * * If poetry, as light from the heart of God, is for our heart, that we may brighten and distinguish individual things; if it is to transfigure for us the round, dusk world as by an inner radiance; if it is to present human life and history as Rembrandt pictures, in which darkness serves and glorifies light; if, like light, formless in its essence, all things shapen toward the perfection of their forms under its influence; if, entering as through crevices in single beams, it makes dimmest places cheerful and sacred with its golden touch; then must the heart of the Poet in which this true light shineth be as a hospice on the mountain pathways of the world, and his verse must be the lamp seen from far that burns to tell us where bread and shelter, drink, fire and companionship may be found; and he himself should have the mountaineer's hardiness and resolution. From the heart as source, to the heart in influence, Poetry comes. The inward, the upward and the onward, whether we speak of an individual or a nation, may not be separated in our consideration. Deep and sacred imaginative meditations are needed for the true earthward as well as for the heavenward progress of men and peoples. And poetry, whether old or new, streaming from the heart moved by the powerful spirit of love, has influence on the heart, public and individual, and thence on the manners, laws and institutions of nations. If Poesy visit the length and breadth of a country after years unfruitfully dull, coming like a showery, fertilizing wind after drought, the corners and the valley-hidings are visited too, and these, perhaps, she now visits first, as these, sometimes, she has visited only. For miles and for miles the public corn, the bread of the nation's life, is bettered;

and in our own endeared spot the roses, delight of our individual eye and sense, yield us more prosperingly their color and their fragrance. For the universal sunshine which brightens a thousand cities, beautifies ten thousand homesteads and rejoices ten times ten thousand hearts. And as rains in the mid season renew for awhile the faded greenness of spring; and trees in fervent summers, when their foliage has deepened or fully fixed its hue, bedeck themselves through the fervency with bright midsummer shoots; so, by Poetry, are the youthful hues of the soul renewed, and truths that have long stood full-foliaged in our minds, are by its fine influences empowered to put forth fresh shoots. Thus age, which is a necessity for the body, may be warded off as a disease from the soul, and we may be like the old man in Chaucer, who had nothing hoary about him but his hairs—

"Though I be hoor I fare as doth a tree
That blosmeth er the fruit ywoxen be,
The blosmy tree n' is neither drie ne ded;
I feel me nowhere hoor but on my head.
Min herte and all my limmès been as grene
As laurel through the yere is for to sene."

* * * * * *

To unite earthly love and celestial—'true to the kindred points of heaven and home'; to reconcile time and eternity; to draw presage of joy's victory from the delight of the secret honey dropping from the clefts of rocky sorrow; *to harmonize our instinctive longings for the definite* and the infinite, in the ideal Perfect; to read creation as a human book of the heart, both plain and mystical, and divinely written; such is the office fulfilled by best-loved poets. Their ladder of celestial ascent must be fixed on its base, earth, if its top is to securely rest on heaven.

T. T. LYNCH.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul;
Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM "AURORA LEIGH."

I sat on in my chamber green,
And lived my life, and thought my thoughts and prayed
My prayers without the vicar; read my books
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits — so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

* * * * * *

Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large, — where creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of out my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,

The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!
At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.
As the earth
Plunges in fury, when the internal fires
Have reached and pricked her heart, and throwing flat
The marts and temples, the triumphal gates
And towers of observation, clears herself
To elemental freedom — thus, my soul,
At poetry's divine first finger touch,
Let go conventions and sprang up surprised,
Convicted of the great eternities
Before two worlds.
O life, O poetry,—
Which means life in life! cognizant of life
Beyond this blood-beat,— passionate for truth
Beyond these senses,— poetry, my life,
But I could not hide
My quickening inner life from those at watch,
They saw a light at a window now and then
They had not set there. Who had set it there?
My father's sister started when she caught
My soul agaze in my eyes. She could not say
I had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly she objected — and demurred,
That souls were dangerous things to carry straight
Through all the spilt saltpetre of the world.
She said sometimes, "Aurora, have you done
Your task this morning? — Have you read that book?
And are you ready for the crochet here?"
As if she said, "I know there's something wrong;
I know I have not ground you down enough
To flatten and bake you to a wholesome crust
For household uses and proprieties,

Before the rain has got into my barn
And set the grains asprouting. What, you're green
With outdoor impudence? You almost grow?"
To which I answered, "Would she hear my task,
And verify my abstract of the book,
And should I sit down to the crochet-work?
Was such her pleasure?" * * * Then I sat and teased
The patient needle till it split the thread,
Which oozed from off it in meandering lace
From hour to hour. I was not, therefore, sad;
My soul was singing at a work apart,
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight,
In vortices of glory and blue air.

* * * * * *

My Father! — thou hast knowledge, only thou.
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love.
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unkissed lips,
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grow moist.

* * * * * *

I say
Your words — I could say other words of yours,
For none of all your words has been more lost
Than sweet verbena, which, being brushed against,
Will hold you three hours after by the smell,
In spite of long walks on the windy hills.

* * * * * *

More's felt than is perceived,
And more's perceived than can be interpreted,

And Love strikes higher with his lambent flame
Than Art can pile the fagots.

* * * * * *

Art is much, but love is more.

* * * * * *

Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work.

* * * * * *

And when all's done, all tried, all counted here,
All great arts and all good philosophies,—
This love just puts its hand out in a dream
And straight outreaches all things.

* * * * * *

But if 'tis sweet for love to pay its debt,
'Tis sweeter still for love to give its gift.

* * * * * *

'Tis said that women have been bruised to death,
And yet, if once they loved, that love of theirs
Could never be drained out with all their blood;
I've heard such things and pondered.

* * * * * *

What form is best for poems? Let me think
Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
As sovran nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we only imprison spirit,
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward — so in life, and so in art,
Which still is life.

* * * * * *

O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain
We staggering 'neath our burden as mere men,

Being called to stand up straight as demigods,
Support the intolerable strain and stress
Of the universal, and send clearly up
With voices broken by the human sob,
Our poems to find rhymes among the stars!

* * * * * *

For the truth itself
That's neither man's nor woman's, but just God's:
None else has reason to be proud of truth;
Himself will see it sifted, disenthralled,
And kept upon the height and in the light,
As far as, and no farther than, 'tis truth;
For — now He has left off calling firmaments
And strata, flowers and creatures, very good —
He says it still of truth, which is His own.

* * * * * *

There are fatal days, indeed,
In which the fibrous years have taken root
So deeply, that they quiver to their tops
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day.

* * * * * *

The book is in my heart,
Lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams in me;
My daily bread tastes of it.

* * * * * *

She thanked God and sighed
(Some people always sigh in thanking God).

* * * * * *

A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means,— whatever perfect thing she can,
In life, in art, in science,— but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part
And rest there; she must prove what she can do
Before she do it; talk of woman's rights
And woman's mission —

Soft, my sister,—not a word!
By speaking, reproof only we can speak,
Which he, the man here, never doubted. What
He doubts is whether we can do the thing
With decent grace we've not yet done at all!
Now do it!

Then, there is no need to speak;
The universe shall henceforth speak for you
And witness,—she who did this thing was born
To do it; claims her license in the work;
And so with more works!

E. B. Browning.

Give me a nook and a book,
And let the proud world spin round;
Let it scramble by hook or by crook
For wealth or a name with a sound,
You are welcome to amble your ways,
Aspirers to place or to glory;
May big bells jangle your praise,
And golden pens blazon your story!
For me, let me dwell in my nook,
Here, by a curve of this brook,
That croons to the tune of my book,
Whose melody wafts me forever
On the waves of an unseen river.

Give me a book and a nook
Far away from the glitter and strife;
Give me a staff and a crook,
The calm and the sweetness of life;
Let me pause—let me brood as I list,
On the marvels of heaven's own spinning,—
Sunlight and moonlight and mist,
Glorious without slaying or sinning.

Vain world, let me reign in my nook,
King of this kingdom, my book,
A region by fashion forsook;
Pass on, ye lean gamblers for glory,
Nor mar the sweet tune of my story!

WILLIAM FREELAND.

I like some human beings better than books, but not many. Books have one very great advantage over people; you can put them aside whenever you don't care to be with them any longer. Moreover, I can make up a contemptuous mouth and say, 'Pshaw! all bosh!' when a book says what I don't like, but it won't do to treat people with so much freedom.

L. M. CHILD.

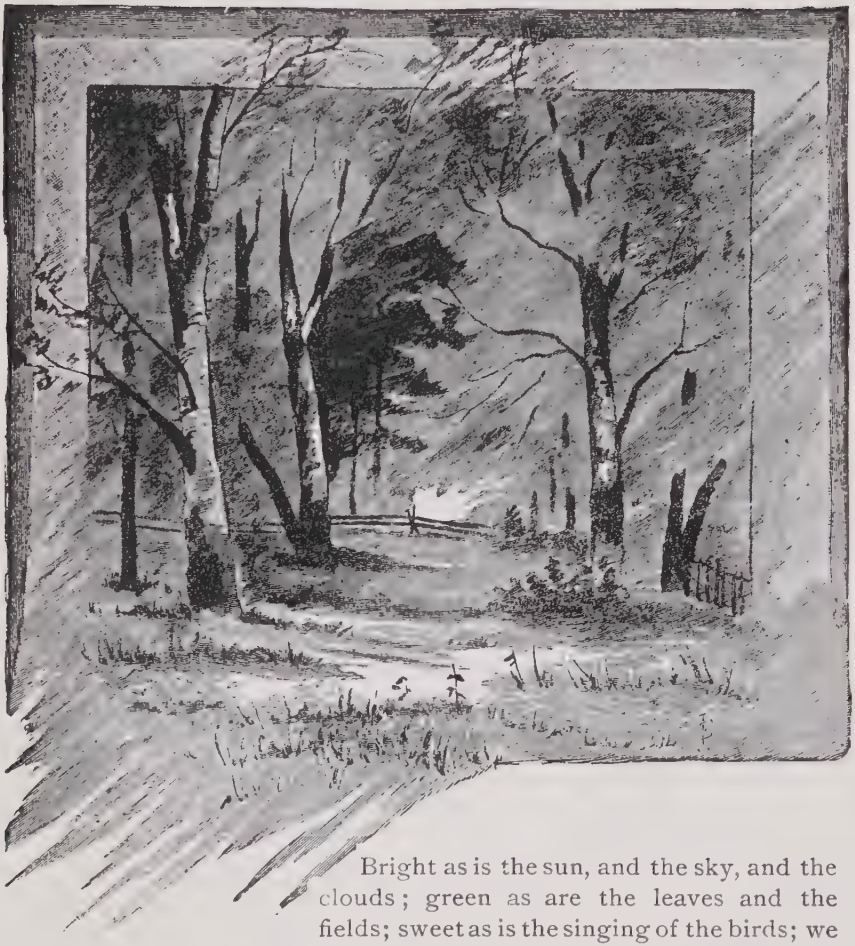
Charles Kingsley once said if he could have but one book for the rest of his life, he should choose the "Faerie Queen" above all, and without hesitation; nothing so rested him and took him out of himself.

There is no luck in literary reputation. They who make up the final verdict upon every book are not the partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears; but a court as of angels, a public not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be overawed.

R. W. EMERSON.

The true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect. Not less sovereign and cheerful,—much more sovereign and cheerful, is the tone of Shakespeare.

IBID.



Bright as is the sun, and the sky, and the clouds; green as are the leaves and the fields; sweet as is the singing of the birds; we know that they are not all, and we will not take up with a part for the whole. They proceed from a center of love and goodness, which is God Himself; but they are not His fullness; they speak of heaven, but they are not heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His image; they are but crumbs from the table. We are looking for the day of God, when all this outward world, fair though it be, shall

perish. * * * We can bear the loss, for we know it will be but the removing of a veil. We know that to remove the world which is seen will be the manifestation of the world which is not seen. We know that what we see is as a screen hiding from us God and Christ, and His saints and angels. And we earnestly desire and pray for the dissolution of all we see, from our longing after that which we do not see.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes, merely, but for the sake of others. For, whether they will or not, they must educate others. I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching: that they ought to be well taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those — and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old — who exercise as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is, those know best who know most of the world and most of human nature. There are those who consider — and I agree with them — that the education of boys under the age of twelve years ought to be entrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask, of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true? I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women. I should have thought that the very mission of women was to be, in the highest sense, the educator of man from infancy to old age: that that was the work toward which all the God-given capacities of women pointed — for which they were to be educated to the highest pitch. I should have thought that it was the glory of woman that she was sent into the world to live for others, rather than for herself; and therefore I should say, let her smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redressed; but let her never be persuaded to forget that she is sent into the world to teach man what, I believe, she has been teaching him all along, even in the savage state, namely, that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is, the performing of duties; to teach him specially, in these so-called intellectual

days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is, purity and virtue. Let her never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and diviner calling of self-sacrifice; and let her never desert that higher life which lives in others and for others, like her Redeemer and her Lord.

And if any should answer that this doctrine would keep a woman a dependent and a slave, I rejoin — Not so: it would keep her what she should be, the mistress of all around her, because the mistress of herself. And more, I should express a fear that those who made that answer had not yet seen into the mystery of true greatness and true strength; that they did not yet understand the true magnanimity, the true royalty, of that spirit by which the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

O woman, lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumor,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humor,
And sensible, soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then," Envy says, "Sir?"
"Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf and does not hear."

JEAN INGELOW.

Women, in a course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle is not in its dimensions, but in its correctness.

HANNAH MORE.

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "THE ÆNEID."

MEETING OF ÆNEAS WITH THE SHADE OF HIS WIFE CREUSA.

I ventured so far as to send forth my voice through the darkness,
Filling the streets with my shouts and sorrowful calls for Creusa,
While I again and again redoubled my cries to no purpose.
As on this endless search in wild frenzy I roamed 'mid the city's
Dwellings, the shade of Creusa herself and her sorrowful phantom
Seemed to present herself to me, but larger than here we had known her.
I was astonished, my hair stood erect, and all utterance failed me.
Then with these words she addressed me, thus seeking to banish my troubles:
"Why do you so much delight to give your sad grief this indulgence,
O my sweet husband? 'Tis but by the will of the gods that this happens;
It is not fated to take your Creusa from here as companion,
Nor does the ruler, who sits upon lofty Olympus, permit it.
Tedious exile is yours; vast seas must be plowed by your vessels;
You are to see the Hesperian land, where the Lydian Tiber
Flows with its gentle current through fields abounding in heroes;
There will propitious times and a kingdom be yours, and a royal
Bride be your portion; dispel, then, your tears for beloved Creusa!

Now the proud seats, where the Myrmidons dwell, or the Dolopes, never
Shall I behold, or go as the slave of the high Grecian matrons—
I, a Dardanian, daughter-in-law of Venus, fair goddess;
But of the gods the great mother upon these shores has detained me.
Now farewell, and preserve for our common son your affection."
She after speaking these words, as in tears I stood there with many
Things that I wished to say, into thin air faded and left me.
Thrice I endeavored to throw my arms round the neck of my loved one;
Thrice my vainly extended hands her image eluded,
Like the light winds, or most like the fleeting forms of a vision.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

You leave this land, uttering the prayer of its own motto, "Advance, Australia," and in a few days, pausing only for a single lecture at beautiful Auckland, in green New Zealand, you are at the Sandwich Islands. You meet a chief justice, several professors and missionaries, see the king, gather a collection of curiosities and state documents, deliver a lecture and get back to your steamer through the tropical dusk, all inside of five hours.

You are leaving at Honolulu the last land that you are to visit before you see once more America, your own. There is a crowd on the wharf, partly of Americans, but chiefly of natives, and as your majestic steamer drops off shore into the scented dark you hear many voices call out "Aloha," which is the Hawaiian for "Farewell, and God bless you." You have studied these islands from afar, and understand that this call is in some sense the wail of a race about to be exterminated. *Morituri salutamus*: "We who are about to die salute you." There is endless pathos in the tender intonation of the final courteous wish of the natives as you drift from their shore. You find summed up in that wail your whole experience of listening to the innermost heart of humanity. In that wail you hear the millions of India utter their desire for progress,

the millions of China call out for a better future, Japan express herself with emphasis on the side of advanced civilization, the islands of all the seas lift up their prayer to Almighty God for regeneration.

REMINISCENCE AND RETURN.

For more than an hour or a day you feel like turning back upon your course and visiting again every people that you have found struggling toward the light. Your heart is on the Thames and the Rhine; indeed, it is on the Tiber and the Ilissus; but you find your enthusiasms for classical lands overborne by the tides of new Oriental and Southern enthusiasms. Your heart is on the Ganges and on the Yang-tse-kiang, it is on the slopes of Fuji-yama and the Himalayas; it is on the shores of Australia and in the islands of the Pacific; it is here in the Hawaiian group at the foot of Mauna Loa. You feel almost ready to make a resolve to go back around the globe before you die, if God will, and this time toward the setting sun, and meet once more all the nations that the English speech can reach. You lean, in the midnight, against the mast of your ship and look upward on the familiar constellations which now begin to rise out of the north. They are tremorless in spite of the tossing of all beneath you, and your heart is as fixed as they, never, on land or sea, to be disloyal to international duties. America is dear to you as never before. The first sight of it, as you strain your lonely and thirsty eyes eastward, overwhelms you. You have been a pilgrim long. On the sunrise of your twenty-fifth day from Sydney, the blue heights of the Coast Range, above the dim mists that shroud the Farallone Islands and the Golden Gate, greet you from your own skies. El Capitan seems near. Whether you have any friends left in your native land you do not know. You make no predictions, no promises; but you are resolved that, whatever may betide, you will do your utmost while you live to lift your own nation to a sense of cosmopolitan obligations.

Nowhere on the globe is there a nation which has such influence beyond its own borders as our own. Great Britain has more political but the United States more moral influence than any other nation. It is because of the advance of education and democracy; it is because of the progress of Christianity, that at the bottom of the wail of every semi-civilized people you find American aspirations. In Switzerland I heard

the news of the death of Garfield, and all the Alps seemed quivering in sympathy with our national bereavement. In Ceylon I heard of the death of Longfellow, and all the tropical forests seemed trembling in pain at our grief. In the inland sea of Japan I heard of the death of Emerson, and all the sacred groves seemed uttering their sympathy with our loss. Wherever on the earth I have put my ear upon the breast of the nations and listened, not to what the people are ready to say publicly in the face of tyranny, but to what they say at firesides and in their secret thoughts, I have always heard President Lincoln's prayer, that government of the people, for the people and by the people may not perish from the earth. There is another prayer uttered by one whose pierced palms are molding the ages into the pattern which he loves—a prayer that we all may be one. You land in America resolved to make that prayer your own while life lasts. You return hoping that those pierced palms may mold you and your nation and all the earth until the ideal of the heart behind them becomes that of the entire family of man. You wish to draw the whole globe into God's bosom so closely that the sound of his pulses may become the marching song of all the ages:

> Ring, bells, in unreared steeples—
> The joy of unborn peoples:
> Sound trumpets, far off blown,
> Your triumph is my own.

JOSEPH COOK.

FROM "WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN."

BY FREDERICK RÜCKERT.

Of all insipid fools, the insipidest is he
Who is insipid from sheer finicality.
The rough may be planed down, the dull made sharp; with one
Who has too fine a point there's nothing to be done.

* * * * * * * * *

Men's praise or blame makes not thy true nobility;
Yet better than half praise is hearty blame for thee.

Blame is a spur to thee which, as just blame, thou prizest;
The unjust harms thee not, which justly thou despisest.
But bald, flat praise, as if for sop of riddance meant,
That is a crumb which none but beggars can content.

* * * * * * *

Learn patience from the earth, thy field and dwelling-place;
The plough tears through her heart, and she repays 't with grace.

* * * * * * *

Revenge a rapture is that may live out the day,
But magnanimity a bliss that lasts for aye.

* * * * * * *

Flatterers, my Prince, shalt thou far more than ravens dread,
Who peck not out men's eyes till after they are dead.
The flatterer steals away from living men their eyes,
And cheats the keenest sight with lying sorceries.
Whoever in his youth has thus been robbed of sight,
Henceforth like one born blind lives on in hopeless night.

* * * * * * *

The master of himself is the true *autocrat;*
The *headstrong* may not be *strong-headed* for all that.
The ruler of himself, true ruler none but he;
Who conquers *hearts,* alone, wins the true victory.

* * * * * * *

Heart, be not thou the grape that underneath the leaves
Hides, that it may not be the prey of garden-thieves.
No thief has found that grape; but ah! no sunbeam's power
Has reached its dark retreat, and so that grape is sour.

* * * * * * *

How little, after all, worth saying, men can say,
In that self-torment called society today.
As if his own ennui each one could easier bear,
When others could be found the load with him to share.
When pompous ignorance puts on the learned air,
Wofully must the wise play ignoramus there.

How seldom a good word escapes by hook or crook,
For each would rather save his wit to make a book.

* * * * * * *

The man who cannot jest is a poor wight at best,
None poorer, save the man who naught can do *but* jest.
Earnest is weak that shuns a jest with jealous eyes,
And jest is weaker still in which no earnest lies.

* * * * * * *

The best of human hearts, is that which would from others,
Far sooner bear all wounds itself, than wound a brother's.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

MARTIN LUTHER.

"There are some people with whom it seems to be necessary to carry out Uncle Toby's treatment of the exasperating little fly. He did not crush it. Far otherwise. But he took it very gently between his thumb and finger, carried it to the window and said, "Go, little fly; the world is wide enough for me and for thee."

THOUGHTS FROM ALFRED TENNYSON.

Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
Drink deep until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
And slander, die. Better not to be at all
Than not be noble.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule, and dare not lie!

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born.

Courage, sir,
That makes a man or woman look their goodliest.

I had liefer ye were worthy of my love
Than to be loved again of you.

How dull it is to pause to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of love on earth?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FROM "ADAM BEDE."

I allays said that o' Judith, as she 'd bear a pound weight any day, to save anybody else carrying a ounce.

* * * * * * * *

We can't say half what we feel with all our words.

* * * * * * * *

And the best o' working is, it gives you a grip hold o' things outside your own lot.

* * * * * * * *

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought, noble impulse, by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.

* * * * * * * *

Ah, but the moods lie in his nature, my boy, just as much as his reflections did, and more. A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional actions, and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to an ounce of wisdom.

* * * * * * * *

You make but a poor trap to catch luck if you go and bait it wi' wickedness.

* * * * * * * *

That is Nature's way; she will allow a gentleman of splendid physiognomy and poetic aspirations to sing wofully out of tune and not give him the slightest hint of it; and takes care that some narrow-browed

fellow, trolling a ballad in the corner of a pothouse, shall be as true to his intervals as a bird.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, I know I've done it," said Mrs. Poyser, "but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up forever, and only dribble your mind out on the sly, like a leaky barrel."

* * * * * * * *

I canna turn her, say what I will. It's allays the way wi' them meek-faced people; you may's well pelt a bag o' feathers as talk to 'em.

* * * * * * * *

Ay, Ay! said Mrs. Poyser; one 'u'd think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war' cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't. "Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough, they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself." "Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail; I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

GEORGE ELIOT.

This is Love s nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

R. W. EMERSON.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

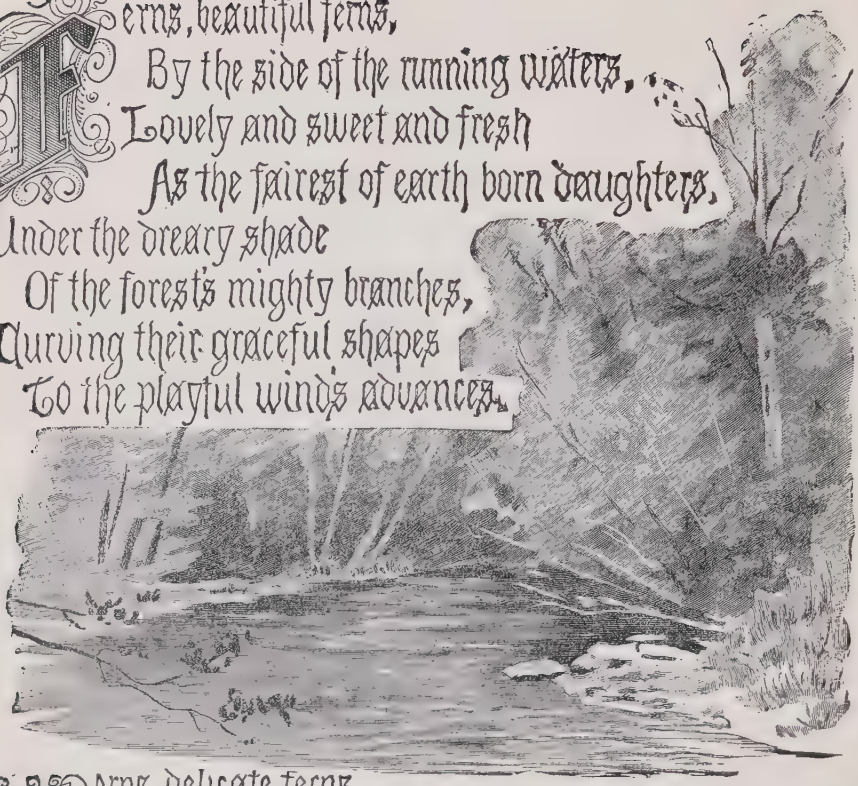
What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name!
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument;
For whilst, to the shame of slow endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulchered, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON, 1630; ÆT. 22.

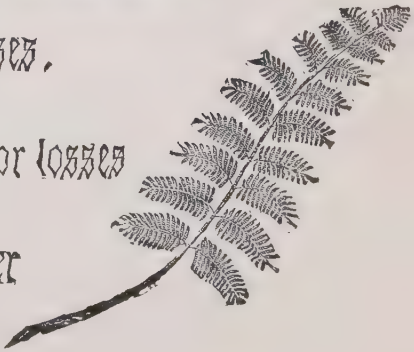
Walter S. Landor, speaking of the difference between Shakespeare and Bacon, says:

"There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed and squared and set across; in the forest we have the natural form of the tree,—all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunderstorms; everywhere multiformity; everywhere immensity."

Ferns, beautiful ferns,
By the side of the running waters,
Lovely and sweet and fresh
As the fairest of earth born daughters.
Under the dreary shade
Of the forest's mighty branches,
Curving their graceful shapes
To the playful winds advances.

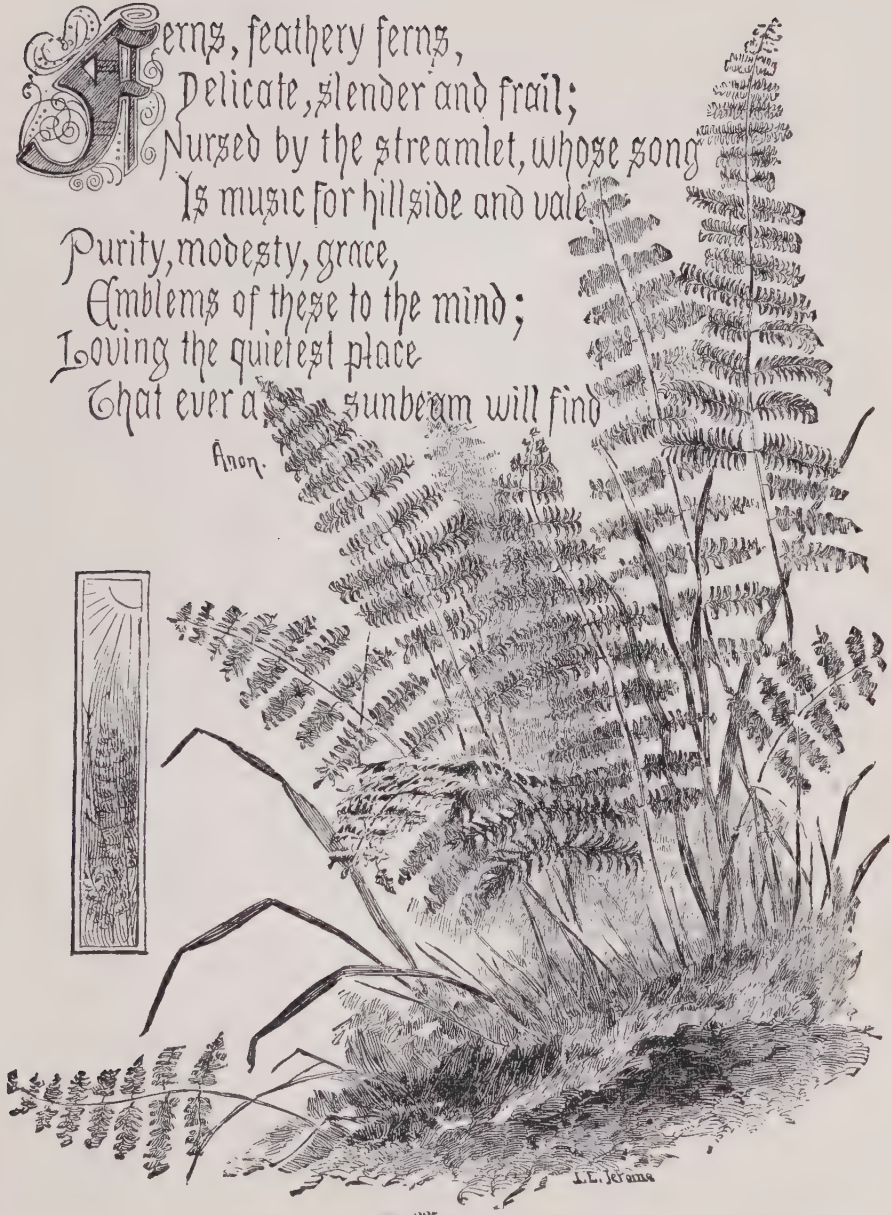


Ferns, delicate ferns,
Neighbors of emerald mosses,
Having no thought or care
For worldly attainments or losses
Children of shadow serene,
Fresh at the heart through the summer
Over the cool springs they lean
Where the sunbeam is rarely a comer.



Ferns, feathery ferns,
Delicate, slender and frail;
Nursed by the streamlet, whose song
Is music for hillside and vale.
Purity, modesty, grace,
Emblems of these to the mind;
Loving the quietest place
That ever a sunbeam will find

Anon.



TRIBUTES TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator. FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Mellifluous Shakespeare. T. K. HEYWOOD.

His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy, all are of this day as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come.

PROF. WILSON.

Shakespeare, the thousand-souled.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabric of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought—upon which were all the lights and shadows and over which brooded all the calms and swept all the storms and tempests of

which the soul is capable. * * * Shakespeare harvested all the fields of dramatic thought, and from his day until now there have been but gleaners of straw and chaff. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Shakespeare exhausts all human experience, and imagines more; searches the heart, lays bare its strength and weakness, its excesses and its rages; divines the secret impulses of humanity; depicts all manners and conditions, high and low, such as the world will always find; shines, like the sun, on the evil and the good; runs without effort the round of human ideas, records his convictions on questions that knock at the gate of every brain, on life, love, trial, immortality, freedom, fate,—the ends of existence, and the means. A. H. WELSH.

Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius?

Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others, conceivably. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakespeare's. We are still out-of-doors. * * * He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong, as Nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. R. W. EMERSON.

He was not of an age, but for all time.

BEN JONSON.

Shakespeare is a great psychologist, and whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in his plays.

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Others abide our question—Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Outtopping knowledge! So some sovran hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the border, often, of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, whose head did stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ON SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

APRIL 23, 1564.

She sat in her eternal house,
The sovereign Mother of Mankind;
Before her was the peopled world,
The hollow night behind.

"Below my feet the thunders break,
Above my head the stars rejoice;
But man, although he babbles much,
Has never found a voice.

"Ten thousand years have come and gone,
And not an hour of any day
But he has dumbly looked to me
The things he could not say.

"It shall be so no more," she said;
And then, revolving in her mind,
She thought, "I will create a child
Shall speak for all his kind."

It was the springtime of the year,
And lo, where Avon's waters flow,
The child, her darling, came on earth,
Three hundred years ago.

There was no portent in the sky,
No cry, like Pan's, along the seas,
Nor hovered round his baby mouth
The swarm of classic bees.

What other children were he was;
If more, 'twas not to mortal ken;
The being likest to mankind
Made him the man of men.

They gossiped, after he was dead,
An idle tale of stealing deer;
One thinks he was a lawyer's clerk;
But nothing now is clear,

Save that he married, in his youth,
A maid his elder; went to town;
Wrote plays; made money; and at last
Came back and settled down,

A prosperous man among his kin,
In Stratford, where his bones repose;
And this — what can be less? — is all
The world of Shakespeare knows.

It irks us that we know no more,
For where we love we would know all;
What would be small in common men
In great is never small.

Their daily habits, how they looked,
The color of their eyes and hair,
Their prayers, their oaths, the wine they drank,
The clothes they used to wear:

Trifles like these declare the men,
And should survive them, nay, they must;
We'll find them somewhere; if it needs,
We'll rake among their dust!

Not Shakespeare's! He hath left his curse
On him disturbs it: let it rest,
The mightiest that ever death
Laid in the earth's dark breast.

Not to himself did he belong,
Nor does his life belong to us;
Enough he *was*, give up the search
If he were thus, or thus.

Before he came his like was not,
Nor left he heirs to share his powers;
The mighty Mother sent him here
To be her voice and ours;

To be her oracle to man;
To be what man may be to her—
Between the Maker and the made
The best interpreter.

The hearts of all men beat in his,
Alike in pleasure and in pain;
And he contained their myriad minds,
Mankind in heart and brain.

Shakespeare! What shapes are conjured up
By that one word! They come and go,
More real, shadows though they be,
Than many a man we know.

Hamlet, the Dane, unhappy Prince
Who most enjoys when suffering most:
His soul is haunted by itself—
There needs no other Ghost.

The Thane, whose murderous fancy sees
The dagger painted in the air;
The guilty King, who stands appalled
When Banquo fills his chair.

Lear in the tempest, old and crazed,
"Blow winds, spit fire, singe my white head!"
Or, sadder, watching for the breath
Of dear Cordelia—dead!

The much-abused relentless Jew,
Grave Prospero in his magic isle,
And she who captived Antony,
The serpent of old Nile;

Imperial forms, heroic souls,
Greek, Roman, masters of the world,
Kings, queens, the soldier, scholar, priest,
The courtier, sleek and curled;

He knew and drew all ranks of men,
And did such life to them impart
They grow not old, immortal types,
The lords of Life and Art!

Their sovereign he, as she was his,
The awful Mother of the Race,
Who, hid from all her children's eyes,
Unveiled to him her face;

Spake to him till her speech was known,
Through him till man had learned it; then
Enthroned him in her heavenly house,
The most Supreme of Men.

R. H. STODDARD.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

GOETHE.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race!

R. H. STODDARD.

A great style of hero draws equally all classes, all the extremes of society, till we say the very dogs believe in him. * * * Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most remarkable example of this class that we have seen,—a man who was at home and welcome with the humblest, and with a spirit and a practical vein in the times of terror, that commanded the admiration of the wisest. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

R. W. EMERSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen,—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt sure was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture,—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon had, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

Herbert is the psalmist dear to all who love religious poetry with exquisite refinement of thought. So much piety was never married to so much wit. Herbert identifies himself with Jewish genius, as Michael Angelo did when carving or painting prophets and patriarchs,— not merely old men in robes and beards, but with the sanctity and the character of the Pentateuch and the prophecy conspicuous in them. His wit and his piety are genuine, and are sure to make a lifelong friend of a good reader.

R. W. EMERSON.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up! for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills.
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores acrowding;
For you they call the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

Theodore Parker said of R. W. Emerson: "He has not uttered a word that is false to his own mind or conscience; has not suppressed a word because he thought it too high for man's comprehension. * * *

Nothing impedes him in his search for the true, the lovely, and the good; no private fear, no love of wife or child or gold or ease or fame. * * * He takes care of his being, and leaves his seeming to take care of itself. Fame may seek him; he never goes out of his way a single inch for her.

As a sample of Thomas Carlyle's power to render poetically a human countenance, take this description of Dante:

"To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Blank there, painted on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent, scornful one; the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle against the world, affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, implacable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks out as in a kind of surprise, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort! This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us his 'mystic unfathomable song.'"

Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent.

LORD VAUX.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from the counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide —
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant cankerworms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

T. W. Parsons.

William Wordsworth celebrates the excellence of Izaak Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson, in the following sonnet:

There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity,

In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart — like glowworms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

MILTON.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

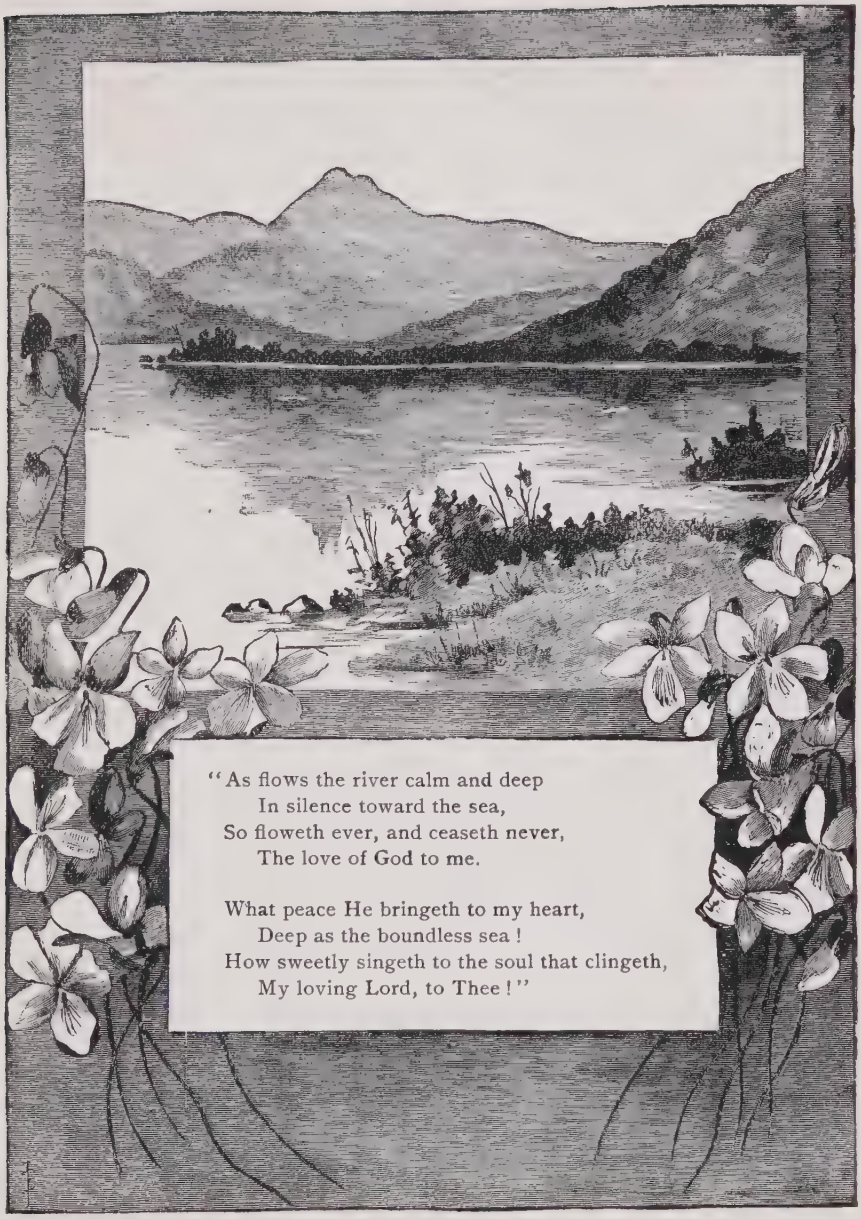
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Milton was the stair or high table-land to let down the English genius from the summits of Shakespeare.

R. W. EMERSON.

If there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence.

JOHN MILTON.



"As flows the river calm and deep
In silence toward the sea,
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never,
The love of God to me.

What peace He bringeth to my heart,
Deep as the boundless sea!
How sweetly singeth to the soul that clingeth,
My loving Lord, to Thee!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DIED JAN. 24, 1875.

One voice the less to plead with men
For God's down-trodden poor;
One hand the less to wield the pen
With aim so bold and sure;
One heart the less to pity when
The ill was past his cure!

Through Britain's length of island strand —
From bald Ben Lomond's head
To Devon's reach of silver sand —
The sudden tidings spread;
And there was shadow on the land,
Because this man was dead.

How had that active brain been stressed,
That tender heart been wrung!
What eloquence had poured its zest
Through that persuasive tongue,
That hoary wrongs might be redressed,
And work's true idyl sung!

With life scarce past its equinox,
Its shortening days still fair,
We stagger at the blow that mocks
The deeds he yet might dare.
Who now will bid the "Alton Lockes"
Rise from their grim despair?

What arm will fling the banner high
On which the legend ran,
"*Room in the lists to fight or die!*
Let conquer him who can!"
What lips take up his tilting-cry,
"The brotherhood of man"?

Full fairly has he won his prize,
A prize the proud may scorn,—
That thousand honest English eyes,
Once hopeless and forlorn,
Today lift brighter to the skies,
Because this man was born.

Too busied with his ends to weigh
The charm or cheat of fame,
While routed wrong maintained the fray,
Unsought the guerdon came;
The wires that coil the world today
All vibrate with his name!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

George W. Curtis, speaking of Nathaniel Hawthorne, says: "He was strongly formed, of dark, poetic gravity of aspect, lighted by the deep, gleaming eye that recoiled with girlish coyness from contact with your gaze; of rare courtesy and kindliness in personal intercourse, yet so sensitive that his look and manner can be suggested by the word glimmering, giving you a sense of restrained impatience to be away. Mostly silent in society, and speaking always with an appearance of effort, but with a lambent light of delicate humor playing over all he said in the confidence of familiarity, and firm self-possession under all, as if the glimmering manner were only the tremulous surface of the sea, Hawthorne was personally known to few, and intimately to very few. But no one knew him without loving him, or saw him without remembering him; and the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne which, when it was first written, was supposed to be fictitious, is now one of the most enduring facts of English literature."

Reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ROBERT BURNS.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all elate and strong:
Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords, but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room tonight,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Who has equaled H. W. Longfellow in tributes to friends? The rare beauty of his nature is vividly shown in the immortal verse that gives us an insight into his friendship for Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Tennyson, Dana, Bayard Taylor and others.

Of Hawthorne he said:

"The day he went away—
I was as one who wanders in a trance
Unconscious of his road:
The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear,
For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.
Ah! who shall lift his wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Of a little friend:

"Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives,
Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance."

To Agassiz, the tenderly beloved:

"When common men are busy with their trivial affairs,
* * * When thou hadst read Nature's mysterious manuscript,
And wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent?"

To Charles Sumner:

"Good night! good night! as we so oft have said, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed.
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

How tenderly he lingered over the memory of all his dear ones who had passed on.

"I wait for them," he said, "but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied the thirst and hunger of my heart."

An Englishman who visited Mr. Longfellow a few years ago said: "If asked to describe the poet's appearance, I should compare him to the ideal representations of early Christian saints and prophets. There is a kind of halo of goodness about him, a benignity in his expression which one associates with Saint John, when at Patmos he blessed his followers and brethren, saying, 'Little children, love one another.'"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By broad Potomac's silent shore
Better than Trajan lowly lies,
Gilding her green declivities
With glory now and evermore;
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
His country is his monument.

ANON.

Modern history has no so spotless a character to commemorate. Invincible in resolution, incorruptible in integrity, he brought to the helm of a victorious republic the simplicity and innocence of rural life; he was forced into greatness by circumstances, rather than led into it by inclination, and prevailed over his enemies rather by the wisdom of his designs and the perseverance of his character, than any extraordinary genius for the art of war. A soldier from necessity and patriotism rather than disposition, he was the first to recommend a return to pacific councils when the independence of his country was secured, and bequeathed to his countrymen an address, on leaving their government, to

which there is no composition of uninspired wisdom can bear a comparison. He was modest without diffidence; sensible to the voice of fame without vanity; independent and dignified without asperity or pride. It is the highest glory of England to have given birth, even amid transatlantic wilds, to such a man; and if she cannot number him among those who have extended her provinces or augmented her dominions, she may at least feel a legitimate pride in the victories which he achieved, and the great qualities which he exhibited, in a contest with herself, and indulge with satisfaction in the reflection that that vast empire, which neither the ambition of Louis XIV nor the power of Napoleon could dismember, received its first rude shock from the courage which she had communicated to her own offspring; and that amid the revolutions and convulsions of other states, real liberty has arisen in that country alone, which inherited in its veins the genuine principles of British freedom.

ARCHIBALD ALISON ON WASHINGTON.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His home was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

FROM "THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched

brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity — we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this preacher without orders — this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe? —

> "Soon as the evening shades prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth,
> Repeats the story of her birth;
> And all the stars that round her burn,
> And all the planets in their turn,
> Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from pole to pole.
> What though, in solemn silence, all
> Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
> What though no real voice nor sound,
> Among their radiant orbs be found;
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets;

in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merrymaking, or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name. W. M. THACKERAY.

THE EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE.

To drum beat and heart beat
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum beat and heart beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Britons' camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the arm'd sentry's tramp,
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars

Like the glimmering of a lance,—
A dark wave, a plumed wave.
On an emerald expanse;

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found,
And with sharp clang and steel clang
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom,
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the calm night, the still night
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God;
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree,
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm

A patriot might die.
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From fame leaf and angel leaf
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on fame leaf and angel leaf
The name of Hale shall burn.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

AT BEETHOVEN'S GRAVE.

From the high rock I marked a fountain breaking;
It poured its riches forth o'er glade and plain;
Where'er they streamed I saw new life awaking,
The grandam world was in her prime again;
To the charm'd spot the tribes of earth came thronging,
And stoopt to that pure wave with eager longing.

Yet of these hosts few only, keener-sighted
Than were their fellows, all its glamour knew:
The simple multitude surveyed, delighted,
Its diamond glitter and its changing hue;
But — save unto those few that saw more clearly —
That wondrous fountain was a fountain merely.

At last its source dried up, its torrent dwindled,
And all mankind discerned its virtue then:
In minstrels' breasts and bards' a fire was kindled,
And brush and chisel vied with harp and pen:
But wild desire, and minstrelsy, and wailing
To call it back to life were unavailing.

* * * * * *

Thou who sleep'st here, thy toil, thy bondage ended!
Lo! in that fountain's tale is told thine own.
Marveled at oft, more oft misapprehended,
By the few only thou was truly known.
All shall exalt thee, now that low thou liest;
That thou may'st live, O deathless one, thou diest.

ANON.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century:

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men:

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

J. R. LOWELL.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AUTUMN.

Autumn once more begins to teach ;
Sere leaves their annual sermon preach;
And with the southward-slipping sun
Another stage of life is done.
* * * * *

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,
Still sorrowful as in past years,
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,
Ripening and hardening all thy growth
Of solid wood, yet nothing loth
To waste upon the frolic breeze
Thy leaves like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?
I know not, yet one change hath come,—
The world feels less and less a home.

My soul appears, as I get old,
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;
Crosses, from use, more lightly press;
Mirth is more purely weariness;
With less to quarrel with in life,
I grow less patient with its strife;
I wish more simply, Lord, to be,
Ailing or well, always with Thee!

F. W. Faber.

We climbed up a high bank to get a nearer sight of the autumnal flowers. Asters and goldenrods were the livery which Nature wore at present. The latter alone expressed all the ripeness of the season and shed their mellow lustre over the fields, as if the now declining summer's sun had bequeathed its hues to them. It is the floral solstice a little after midsummer, when the particles of golden light, the sun-dust, have, as it were, fallen like seeds on the earth and produced these blossoms. On every hillside, and in every valley, stood countless asters, coreopses, tansies, goldenrods, and the whole race of yellow flowers, like Brahminical devotees, turning steadily with their luminary from morning till night.

H. D. THOREAU.

"I see the goldenrod shine bright,
As sun-showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
That robs the Day-god's splendid ray.

"The aster's violet rays divide
The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
As moonlight floats across the sea.

"I see the emerald woods prepare
To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm-trees spot the air
With yellow pictures softly o'er.

* * * * *

"No more the water-lily's pride
In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue-weed's clusters ride
And mock the heaven's element.

* * * * *

"Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
While fades my dreamlike company.

"Our skies grow purple, but the wind
Sobs chill through green trees and bright grass:
Today shines fair, and lurk behind
The times that into winter pass.

"So fair we seem, so cold we are,
So fast we hasten to decay;
Yet through our night glows many a star
That still shall claim its sunny day."

ARTEMAS WARD.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appal?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears?
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears?

Nay! if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not with Earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the spring of the fountains of Mirth.
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are and sleep:
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West—
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest;
For the Man in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears.
And those that were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

FROM THE LONDON SPECTATOR.

The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and a better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed. No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution, can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought. JOHN RUSKIN.

We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I like pictures, without knowing anything about them; but I hate coxcombry in the fine arts, as well as in anything else. I got into dreadful disgrace with Sir George Beaumont once, who, standing before a picture at Bowood, exclaimed, turning to me, "immense breadth of light and shade!" I innocently said, "Yes; about an inch and a half." He gave me a look that ought to have killed me.

SYDNEY SMITH.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE ELIOT'S POEMS.

* * * With such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seemed melted speech—
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
* * * * * * *

Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw; the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors; were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference—
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,

Then — Nay, I Jubal will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

FROM "THE LEGEND OF JUBAL."

Her years were few,
Her outward beauties all in budding-time,
Her virtues the aroma of the plant
That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
And waits not ripeness.

* * * * * *

Rank for her meant Duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

* * * * * *

I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I,—
I ease my soul with praying for them all.

COUNTESS LINDA.

That is your way of singing, Agatha;
Just as the nightingales pour forth sad songs,
And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
Feel the more kindly.

AGATHA.

Nay, I cannot sing;
My voice is hoarse, and oft I think my prayers
Are foolish, feeble things; for Christ is good
Whether I pray or not,—the Virgin s heart

Is kinder far than mine; and then I stop
And feel I can do naught towards helping men,
Till out it comes, like tears that will not hold,
And I must pray again for all the world.

* * * * * *

'Tis but dim light I see by. * * * I try
All ways I know of to be cleansed and pure;
I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There's perfect goodness somewhere; so I strive.

* * * * * *

I

Never had better clothes than these you see.
Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best
When others wear them, and I somehow thought
'Twas not worth while, I had so many things
More than some neighbors, I was partly shy
Of wearing better clothes than they, and now
I am so old and custom is so strong
'Twould hurt me sore to put on finery.

* * * * * *

COUNTESS LINDA.

* * * * * *

I oft heard more
Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,
As that of one half grandame and half saint,
Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads
And younger men all called her mother, aunt,
Or granny, with their pet diminutives,
And bade their lasses and their brides behave
Right well to one who surely made a link
'*Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both.*

FROM "AGATHA."

* * * Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme
That he with careless foot may often tread;
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
And cleave to things most high and hallowèd.

FROM "HOW LISA LOVED THE KING."

I, too, rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

* * * * * *

The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
As roundness in the dewdrop — that great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.
Our finest hope is finest memory.
As they who love in age think youth is blest
Because it has a life to fill with love.
Full souls are double mirrors, making still
An endless vista of fair things before,
Repeating things behind; so faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,
Moving on some grand climax, shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds —

At labors of the master-artist's hand,
Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,
Trembling before an image seen within.
It comes in moments of heroic love,
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us—
In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;
As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.
Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one,
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff,
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind,
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

FROM "A MINOR PROPHET."

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men *grew blind, though angels knew the rest.*

If he said, "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath;
Wherever he said, "Come!" I stepped in faith.

* * * * * *

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
The bunchèd cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories.

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

* * * * * *

Our meadow-path had memorable spots:
One where it bridged a tiny rivulet,
Deep hid by tangled blue Forget-me-nots;
And all along the waving grasses met

My little palm, or nodded to my cheek,
When flowers with upturned faces gazing drew
My wonder downward, seeming all to speak
With eyes of souls that dumbly heard and knew.

Then came the copse, where wild things rushed unseen,
And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
Me and each hidden distance of the road.

A gypsy once had startled me at play,
Blotting with her dark smile my sunny day.

Thus rambling we were schooled in deepest lore,
And learned the meanings that give words a soul,
The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,
Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.

Those hours were seed to all my after good;
My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,
Took easily as warmth a various food
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.

For who in age shall roam the earth, and find
Reasons for loving that will strike out love
With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind?
Were reasons sown as thick as stars above.

'Tis love must see them, as the eye sees light;
Day is but Number to the darkened sight.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought;
And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view
Rounding a grassy hill to be sublime
With some Unknown beyond it, whither flew
The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time.

The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
With white robe sweeping on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me,
My present Past, *my root of piety.*

* * * * * *

We had the selfsame world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy;
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
"This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little, and I must be kind."

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life discerned,
A Like unlike, a Self that self restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless, and no *girlish* toy
Had any *reason* when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling
Cut the ringed stem and made the apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spiral string
That looped the orbits of the humming top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfill;
My aëry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subjection to the harder, truer skill,

That seeks with deeds to grave a thought-tracked line,
And by, "What is," "What will be" to define.

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue;
We had been natives of one happy clime
And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

FROM "BROTHER AND SISTER."

True greatness ever wills —
It lives in wholeness if it live at all,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

* * * * * *

GRAF.

You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARMGART.

I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high *with sublimer tread*
Rather *than crawl in safety.*

* * * * * *

GRAF.

A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

* * * * * *

ARMGART.

I was blind
With too much happiness; *true vision comes*
Only, it seems, with sorrow.

FROM "ARMGART."

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

* * * * *

And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

People are so inclined to occupy themselves with what is commonest, mind and senses so easily become blunted to impressions of what is good and beautiful, that we ought in every way to try and hold fast the capability of feeling the best and highest things. No one can afford entirely to dispense with these enjoyments, and the fact that so many people take delight in what is worthless and absurd, provided only it be a novelty, is accounted for by the few opportunities they have of enjoying anything really good. We ought to hear at least one little song every day, read a good poem, see a first-rate painting, and if possible, speak a few sensible words.

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

"Courage is adversity's lamp."

Perhaps the highest moral height which a man can reach, and at the same time the most difficult of attainment, is the willingness to be *nothing* relatively, so that he attain that positive excellence which the original conditions of his being render not merely possible, but imperative. It is nothing to a man to be greater or less than another—to be esteemed or otherwise by the public or private world in which he moves. Does he, or does he not behold, and love, and live, the unchangeable, the essential, the divine? This he can only do according as God hath made him. He can behold and understand God in the least degree, as well as in the greatest, only by the godlike within him; and he that loves thus the good and great has no room, no thought, no necessity for comparison and difference. The truth satisfies him. He lives in its absoluteness. God makes the glowworm as well as the star; the light in both is divine. If mine be an earth-star to gladden the wayside, I must cultivate humbly and rejoicingly its green earth-glow, and not seek to blanch it to the whiteness of the stars that lie in the fields of blue. For to deny God in my own being is to cease to behold him in any. God and man can meet only by the man's becoming that which God meant him to be. Then he enters into the house of life, which is greater than the house of fame. It is better to be a child in a green field than a knight of many orders in a state ceremonial.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Friends, hold me strictly to account for all I do; bind me to my conduct with as inflexible a chain as God does, but then I protest against your taking that as the adequate measure of the man, for there is a background of things desired in this picture where things accomplished form the foreground; take me for what I am, as God does; but He takes me, and you ought to take me, for that plus what I want to be, plus what I am trying to be, even though I most signally fail. Truly the poet is right when he says:

"Tis not what man
Does which exalts him, but what man would do."

J. L. L. JONES.

Paths of the fields,
O pleasant paths, that stray
Through the deep wind-trod pastures of the spring,
Through all the glory and the blossoming
That summer yields,
From the world's weariness from hope's decay,
Lead me, oh! lead me, pleasant paths, away —
Paths of the fields!

William C. Bennett.

A BRIGHT SPOT.

The speedwell there
Lifted its blue eyes to the sapphire sky,
The wild wind-flower trembled in the wind,
And midst the tangled roots the hyacinths
Stood with the white starflowers, hand in hand;
While nestling everywhere, sweet violets,
The simplest-hearted people of the woods,
Stole their dim odors through the grateful air;
And many more that tapestried the banks
More richly than king's chambers.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

It is not any theory about God, even the best, that makes life worth living. It is God himself; the order of his universe; his mornings and evenings; his sunshine and his stars; his springtime resurrection; his human love; his little children. Because God is, life is worth living. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

To have thought far too little, we shall find, in the review of life, among our capital faults. JOHN FOSTER.

Policy is man's thought about the wisest thing to do; principle is God's thought about the best thing to do. *From the* CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back."

The preliminary step to following Christ is the leaving the dead to bury the dead, not clamoring on his doctrine for an especial solution of difficulties which are referable to the general problem of the Universe.

FROM ROBERT BROWNING'S ESSAY ON SHELLEY.

Thus God has will'd
That man, when fully skill'd,
Still gropes in twilight dim;
Encompass'd all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him;
That so he may discern
His feebleness;
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home.
Earth and the world to come.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Death is the crown of life!
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure;
We fall, we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sighs.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die? When shall I live forever?

EDWARD YOUNG.

'Tis a Dutch proverb that "paint costs nothing," such are its preserving qualities in damp climates. Well, sunshine costs less, yet is finer pigment. And so of cheerfulness, or a good temper, the more it is spent, the more of it remains. R. W. EMERSON.

Why are red roses red,
For roses once were white?
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night,—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.

Why are white roses white,
For roses once were red?
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled,—
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white.

Why are the roses sweet,
For once they had no scent?
Because one day the Queen of Love,
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet,—
That made the roses sweet!

R. H. STODDARD.

I said it in the mountain path,
I say it on the mountain stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

LUCY LARCOM.

Refinement which carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement. H. W. BEECHER.

Not by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven,—with manliest or womanliest enduring love,—can the vision be clear.

R. W. EMERSON.

The love of God is the soul of Christianity. Christ is the body of that truth. The love of God is the creating and redeeming, the forming and satisfying power of the universe. The love of God is that which kills evil and glorifies goodness. It is the safety of the great whole. It is the home-atmosphere of all life. Well does Robert Browning say:—

> "The loving worm within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid his worlds, I will dare to say."

Surely then, inasmuch as man is made in the image of God, nothing less than a love in the image of God's love, all-embracing, quietly excusing, heartily commending, can constitute the blessedness of man; a love not insensible to that which is foreign to it, but overcoming it with good. Where man loves in his kind, even as God loves in His kind, then man is saved, then he has reached the unseen and eternal. But if, besides the necessity to love that lies in a man, there be likewise in the man whom he ought to love something in common with him, then the law of love has increased force. If that point of sympathy lies at the centre of the being of each, and if these centres are brought into contact, then the circles of their being will be, if not coincident, yet concentric. We must wait patiently for the completion of God's great harmony, and meantime love everywhere and as we can.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CARCASSONNE.

How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen —
It almost seems a wrong:
A dream I had when life was new,—
Alas, our dreams! they are not true,—
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city — Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height,
Beyond the mountains blue:
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—
I do not mind the road's fatigues—
Through morn and evening's dew;
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes—that yellow blight:
I could not go to Carcassonne;
I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The bishop the procession leads,
And generals curb their prancing steeds:
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right! He preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, "Oh! guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare!"
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father, pardon me
If this, my wish, offends!
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!

My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me
Tomorrow, then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church-bell's low and solemn toll,—
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAND.

Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy,—they heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the streets of life
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.

GERALD MASSEY.

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He can fill it. R. C. TRENCH.

God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not: the bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun:
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LIFE.

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night: Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night: Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself? No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is vanquished, and thy victory won.

E. R. S.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. GEORGE ELIOT.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too.

BEN JONSON.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul:
More grace, O Lord, more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart,
More sunshine from Thy face.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world
Of golden ether bright,
A heaven where other souls might float,
Like all Thy worlds, in light.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me!

F. W. FABER.

FROM A SERMON ON "WARFARE THE CONDITION OF VICTORY."

The whole church, all elect souls, each in its turn, is called to this necessary work. Once it was the turn of others, and now it is our turn. Once it was the apostles' turn. It was St. Paul's turn once. * * * And after him the excellent of the earth, the white-robed army of martyrs, and the cheerful company of confessors, each in his turn, each in his day, likewise played the man. And so down to our time, when faith has well-nigh failed, first one and then another have been called out to exhibit before the great King. It is as though all of us were allowed to stand around His throne at once, and He called on first this man and then that, to take up the chant by himself, each in his turn having to repeat the melody which his brethren have before gone through. Or as if we held a solemn dance to His honor in the courts of heaven, and each had by himself to perform some one and the same solemn and graceful movement at a signal given. Or as if it were some trial of strength, or of agility, and, while the ring of bystanders beheld and applauded, we in succession, one by one, were actors in the pageant. Such is our state: angels are looking on, Christ has gone before, Christ has given us an example that we may follow His steps. Now it is our turn, and all ministering spirits keep silence and look on. Oh, let not your foot slip, or your eye be false, or your ear dull, or your attention flagging! Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep a good heart; be bold; draw not back; you will be carried through.

J. H. NEWMAN.

I hold to heart, to manhood and nobleness, not correct expression. I try to judge words and actions by the man, not the man by his words and actions. F. W. ROBERTSON.

There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter,—Hypocrisy, Pharisaism and Tyranny. IBID.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The field is too wide, the harvest too great, the world too broad, and humanity too precious, either for delays, for jealousies, or for strifes. Indeed, this human life is all too short to allow the indulgence of vain regrets. And when the sense of weakness, or of guilt, or sin, overbears the weary head and heart, I can but remember the trusting and triumphant joy of the Apostle. JOHN A. ANDREW.

Let your good wishes turn into acts; let no hard thing be done even toward an enemy; and let those around you be the happier because you are in the midst of them. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claiming the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul. JOHN RUSKIN.

Life is hardly respectable — is it?—if it has no generous guarantying task, no duties or affections, that constitute a necessity for existing.

R. W. EMERSON.

REGRET.

O that word Regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.
They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O this thread of gold!
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it,— but yet
My days will not be better days should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

JEAN INGELOW.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine;
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that tomorrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain;
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth:
Unseen, fate goeth too;
Yea, find thee always time to say some earnest word,
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

THOMAS HOOD.

The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought
And is with child of glorious-great intent,
Can never rest until it forth have brought
The eternal brood of glory excellent.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHTS FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

Do the duty which liest nearest thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

To sit as a passive bucket, and be pumped into, can, in the long run, be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending.

In books lies the Soul of the whole past time; the audible voice of the Past when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon Eternity, and encompassed by Eternity. Find out your task; stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.

The deepest depth of vulgarism is that of setting up money as the ark of the covenant.

Man, it is not thy works which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the *spirit thou workest in*, that can have worth or continuance.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy will be done." What else can we say? I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an "After this manner pray ye."

It is an everlasting duty, the duty of being brave.

Great men are like fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs, ever-living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature.

Think of living! Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; — it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unhasting, yet unresting.

It's ever my thought that the most Godfearing man should be the most blithe man.

Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation; nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside, but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order: else how could it *rot?* Despise not the rag from which man makes paper, or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant: all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle wrote that genius is only an immense capacity for taking trouble. Dr. Johnson's definition was, "Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

UNCROWNED KINGS.

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Made royal by the brain and heart!
Of all earth's wealth the noblest part,
Yet reckoned little in the mart
Where men know naught but sordid things —
All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose breath and words of living flame
Have waked slave-nations from their shame,
And bid them rise in manhood's name,—
Swift as the curved bow backward springs—
To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose strong right arm hath oft been bared
Where fire of righteous battle glared,
And where all odds of wrong ye dared!—
To think on you the heart upsprings,
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose burning songs, like lava poured,
Have smitten like a two-edged sword
Sent forth by Heaven's avenging Lord
To purge the earth, where serfdom clings
To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
To whose ecstatic gaze alone
The beautiful by Heaven is shown,
And who have made it all your own;
Your lavish hand around us flings
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
The heart leaps wildly at your thought;
And the brain fires as if it caught
Shreds of your mantle; ye have fought
Not vainly, if your glory brings
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,
And went in fiery chariots up
When each had drained his hemlock cup,—
Ye priests of God, but tyrant's stings,
Uncrowned, but still the kingliest kings!

BERKELEY AIKEN.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Duty done is the Soul's fireside. JOSEPH COOK.

Be strong by choosing wisely what to do; be strong by doing well what you have chosen. S. OSGOOD.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

* * * * *

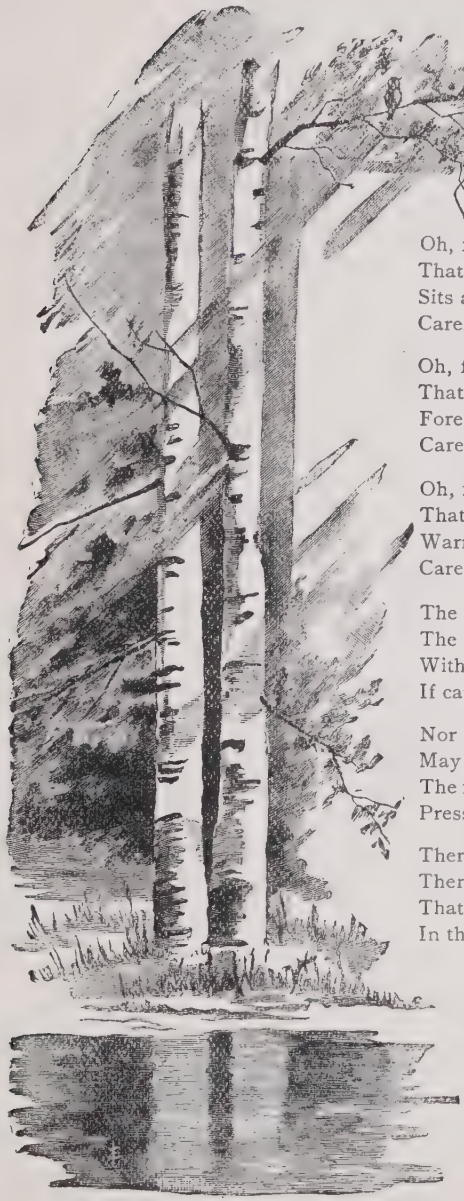
All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, for Thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

* * * * *

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Noble deeds are held in honor,
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel this—
The worth of common deeds. ANON.



LONGING.

Oh, for the joy of the little bird!
That sits through the long, long summer's day—
Sits and warbles its soul away,
Careless whether its song be heard.

Oh, for the peace of the bladed green!
That springing in beauty holds its eye
Forever fixed on the distant sky,
Careless whether its growth be seen.

Oh, for the faith of the tireless sun!
That pouring its floods of light and heat
Warms bird and blade to their service sweet,
Careless whether results be won.

The joy of the bird can be ours to-day,
The peace of the grass in our souls may rest,
With the faith of the sun our lives be blest,
If careless of notice we hold our way;

Nor seek that the crown of earthly fame
May circle our brow, nor ask to see
The fruit of labor; but firm and free
Press on, regardless of praise or blame.

There's one ear listening that all things hears;
There's one eye sleepless, and one hand just,
That will gather each seed of faith and trust
In the harvest of glory that crowns the years.

JOSEPH A. ELY.

AMBITION AND ASPIRATION.

In the estimation of a great many people, ambition is a commendable thing. It is put down to the credit of a man almost always, when he announces his determination to gain some high place. We say of the clerk in the store, of the student in the college, of the cadet in the military academy, of the apprentice in the shop, if he has no ambition he will never amount to much. But the thing which is really approved in all such speech is not ambition, but *aspiration.* Aspiration is a wholly good thing, and a wholly safe thing. Aspiration is always to be encouraged. For aspiration is a longing desire, eager even to panting, after something for its own sake, and because it is a good in itself to have it. Ambition carries with it something of the taint of solicitation, of intrigue and flattery, of the bad political method which gave the word birth. Aspiration fixes the eye on fitness, and is often content if it can be only qualified for a place, whether it has the place or not. Ambition wants the place without any regard to qualification, and resorts to all sorts of means to get it. Aspiration is considerate, tender; it will not jostle others in its upward struggles. Ambition does not care how many others may be displaced and hurt, if so be its own objects can be accomplished. Aspiration includes the virtues; for the very idea of the word keeps one up in the ranges of the pure air. Ambition strides right on, no matter how many pure things and right things and true things are trampled under foot. Aspiration concerns ideas, excellencies, rather than places and honors. Ambition concerns places and honors and gains chiefly. This is what makes ambition the dangerous passion it is. When the mind is fully possessed with the notion that a certain office, or preferment, or a certain form of power, must be obtained at all risks—just what ambition is when most highly excited—then everything is liable to be swept into the current, and carried along with it,—principle, truth, purity, fidelity, goodness, everything together.

F. A. NOBLE.

Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHT.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling, deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns, left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

C. P. Cranch.

WATCHWORDS.

We are living — we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time·
In an age on ages telling,
To be living — is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth, is Creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

* * * * * *

Hark! the onset! will you fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up! for, drowsy soldier,
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging — heaven beholding!
You have but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!

What! still hug your dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play;
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them, we must work today!

Oh! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages — tell for God!

A. C. Coxe.

THE BAPTISM OF BROTHERHOOD.

We want two baptisms. We want the baptism of the Holy Spirit, that we may apprehend and feel, and come under the sway of divine things; and then we want, through this, the baptism of human brotherhood. How touching and impressive is the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." How much more touching and impressive is the statement, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." No man was shut out from Him who wanted to come to Him and be taught and purified and strengthened by Him. He brooded over all men with His care. He was near to all men with His divine sympathies, and His mission was to seek and to save that which was lost. We must go out to men in the spirit of one Father, one Lord, one family, and then we shall be mighty. Toward these men who have been unfortunate in their inherited propensities, and in their social and business surroundings, and who have been sinful as well as weak in giving way to temptation, we must be as tender and coaxing as the breath of spring. They must be permitted to feel the quickening touch of our human hands, and know at once that they are in contact with those who mean to help, and who surely will help. This is the mother's way. It is God's way. He that *winneth* souls is wise.

F. A. Noble.

MOTIVES TO EARNESTNESS.

Behind us are the solemn centuries along whose aisles the nations have marched. Behind us are the sacred battle-fields where human rights have been defended, and human liberties have been won. Behind us are the Prophets and Apostles and Lawgivers, whose quick ears have caught the accents of God's voice through the din of earth-tumults, and whose inspired pens have given out their revelations to enrich and save the world. Behind us are the martyrs whose sufferings helped to illuminate and spread and sanctify the truth for which they died. Behind us are the magnificent discoveries and inventions, in which mankind rejoices. Behind us are the

great poetries, and literatures, and art-achievements of the nations. Behind us are names, illustrious and sacred forevermore, because of their association with deeds and events which were the victories of humanity. Behind us are the memorable and inspiring triumphs of the saintly and the great. It is impossible to think of a single one of the grandly heroic deeds of history which does not seem to have a tongue whose one impressive and never ceasing injunction is, "*Be in earnest.*"

Out before us are the beckoning splendors of the bright illimitable To-morrow. Out before us are all possibilities of victory and growth:—all possibilities of bravest doing and daring. Out before us, open to our walking, are the shining paths which lead straight up to the Golden Gates of the Celestial City. Out before us, drawing us with all the sweet force of His great Divine Heart, is God. The august Future blends its voice with the mighty Past, and says, as though it were repeating a strain caught from out the solemn litanies of Eternity, "*Be in earnest.*" IDEM.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness. CHARLES DICKENS.

No earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
It is not gathered, as a grain of sand,
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's ends.

E. B. BROWNING.

Not what we think, but what we do,
Makes saints of us.

ALICE CARY.

I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution. We are emulous of all that man can do. R. W. EMERSON.

"We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide;
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make occasion not to be denied.
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain side,
Thorwaldsen carved his lion of Lucerne."

"The fellows who have succeeded here sweated more than others. It's a case of open pores."

It must oft fall out
That one whose labor perfects any work
Shall rise from it with eye so worn, that he
Of all men least can measure the extent
Of what he has accomplished.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You all undertake to judge too much of your own work, why, its none of your business, this judging. W. M. HUNT.

I cannot abide to see men throw away their tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. The very grindstone 'ill go on turning a bit after you loose it. GEORGE ELIOT.

Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results.

J. T. FIELDS.

Every power that fashions and upholds works silently,—all things whose life is sure, their life is calm. R. C. TRENCH.

Man, if he do but live within the light of high endeavor, daily spreads abroad his being armed with strength that cannot fail.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
Tomorrow, and the rest more dilatory.
Thus indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;
Only engage and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue mingled with brave action: they draw near
The nature and the essence of the gods
Who imitate their goodness.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

The whole wisdom of life lies in doing the thing which is right and letting God look after the consequences. *From the* CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Almighty in His providence does not ask of us uniform rents for our rights and lives, as earthly landlords sometimes do. He only asks for the rightful use of the talents entrusted to us. The taxes of Heaven are never *per capita*, but always *pro rata*. Not the formal observance of each and all alike, but every heart's best love, every hand's readiest service.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

We call
On all who hold by justice, truth and love,
To quit for one short breathing-space the roar
That drowns the single voice, join hands and take
This simple oath, and teach it to their sons:
Never through grief or joy to flinch or flag
Till right prevail, till all men justly share
The sweet and plenteous fruit of all men's toil,
Till knowledge, art, and gladness be as free
As sunlight, and the gulf 'twixt lord and slave,
The coarse and fine of manners, garb and speech
Sunder our lives no more,—this oath to take
Then back into the tumult and the wrong,
And mend it in God's name!

ALFRED HAYES.

Man's rank is his power to uplift.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age.

W. E. CHANNING.

"The spirit which from God is made
The noblest of its kind,
Asks not the help of rules that serve
To guide the feeble mind.
It soars, however bold its flight,
Right onward, safe and free,
And all that schools and books can teach
In its own self can see.
What charms this soul all souls must charm,—
What grieves it saddens all:
It holds the choicest of the world
Within its subtle thrall."

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse,
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I have stored
My memory with thoughts that can allay
Fever and sadness; and when life gets dim,
And I am overladen in my years,
Minister to me.

N. P. WILLIS.

THOUGHTS FROM R. W. EMERSON.

Today is a king in disguise.

If your eye is on the eternal, your intellect will grow, and your opinions and actions will have a beauty which no learning or combined advantages of other men can rival.

Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish: murder will speak out of stone walls.

The hero is he who is immovably centered.

The joy of the spirit indicates its strength.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said today.

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms.

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. * * * When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head this class of pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disasters. An old French verse runs, in my translation:

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!"

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one:
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Character is higher than intellect. * * * A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern.

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can travel but to take counsel of his own bosom. R. W. EMERSON.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

"Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for it vanishing,
Proves that the sun was shining, by its shade."

He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used:—thought with him
Is in its infancy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves besides them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS DEFEAT AT EDINBURGH.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er.
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

* * * * * * *

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom;
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain.
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jeweled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown.
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest;
But when those wayward sprites had passed away
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

"Yes, darling; let them go," so ran the strain;
"Yes; let them go,—gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

* * * * * * *

"O the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown;
But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
And I will tenfold all that love repay;
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove;
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

* * * * * * *

"In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand
Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side;
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

"I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone;
I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly.

* * * * * * *

"No; when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine I am still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine:

"Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbird's scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas;

"Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
White sandhills shall reflect the blinding glare;
Thine, when, through forest's breathing death, thy way
All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair;

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes; they will pass away; nor deem it strange;
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea;
And let them come and go; thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Make me as one that casteth not by day
A dreary shadow, but reflecting aye
One little beam, loved, warmed and golden, caught
From the bright sun that lights our daily way."

CONTENT.

There are times when the troubles of life are still;
The bees wandered lost in the depths of June,
And I paused where the chime of a silver rill
Sang the linnet and lark to their rest at noon.

Said my soul, "See how calmly the wavelets glide,
Though so narrow their way to their ocean-vent;
And the world that I traverse is wide, is wide,
And yet is too narrow to hold content."

O my soul, never say that the world is wide—
The rill in its banks is less closely pent;
It is thou who art shoreless on every side,
And thy width will not let thee inclose content.

BULWER LYTTON.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND.

The habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year. DR. S. JOHNSON.

THOUGHTS FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

I like to read about Moses best, in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits. A man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good solid bit o' work lasts: if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it being done well, besides the man as does it.

You talk of substantial good, Tito! Are faithfulness, and love, and sweet, grateful memories no good? Is it no good that we should keep our promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth? Is it no good that a just life should be justly honored? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the wants and hopes of those who have depended on us? What good can belong to men who have such souls? To talk cleverly, perhaps, and find soft couches for themselves, and live and die with their base selves as their best companions.

Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty Our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.

Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart: it aims at its own completeness.

Wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom — pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in.

It seems to me it's the same with love and happiness as with sorrow— the more we know of it, the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to 'em, and wishful to help 'em. The more knowledge a man has, the better he'll do's work; and feelin's a sort o' knowledge.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil.

It is never too late to be what you might have been.

It seems as if people were worn out on the road to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.

The tale of the Divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

There are new eras in one's life that are equivalent to youth,— are something better than youth.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry heir comfort about with them.

It's poor work, allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon — it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, instid o' beginnin' when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-waterin' the last year's crop.

Family likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature knits us together by bone and muscle and divides us by the subtle web of our brains; and ties us by our heartstrings to the beings that jar us at every movement.

Esther. But that must be the best life, father.

Rufus. What life, my dear child?

Esther. Why that where one bears and does everything because of some great and strong feeling — so that this and that in one's circumstances don't signify.

Rufus. Yea, verily; but the feeling that should be thus supreme is devotedness to the Divine Will.

'Tis a great and mysterious gift, this clinging of the heart, whereby it hath often seemed to me that even in the very moment of suffering our souls have the keenest foretaste of heaven. I speak not lightly, but as one who hath endured. And 'tis a strange truth that only in the agony of parting we look into the depths of love.

When one is grateful for something too good for common thanks, writing is less unsatisfactory than speech: one does not, at least, *hear* how inadequate the words are.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

Thee mustna undervally prayer. Prayer mayna bring money, but it brings us what no money can buy — a power to keep from sin, and be content with God's will, whatever He may please to send.

GEORGE ELIOT.

SALVATION.

Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity;
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words — Believe and live.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Life and religion are one, or neither is anything. I will not say neither is growing to be anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor medicine of being. It is life essential.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Goodness is the only investment that never fails. In the music of the harp which trembles round the world it is the insisting on this which thrills us.

H. D. THOREAU.

I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

As, up by self-impulsion driven,
The tree its weight sustains in air,
To Love, almighty Love, 'tis given
All things to form, and all to bear;
Around me sounds a savage roaring,
As rocks and forests heaved and swayed,
Yet plunges, bounteous in its pouring,
The wealth of waters down the glade,
Appointed, then, the vales to brighten;
The bolt, that flaming struck and burst,
The atmosphere to cleanse and lighten,
Which pestilence in its bosom nursed,—
Love's heralds both, the powers proclaiming,
Which, aye creative, us infold.
May they, within my bosom flaming,
Inspire the mind, confused and cold,
Which frets itself, through blunted senses,
As by the sharpest fetter-smart!
O God, soothe Thou my thoughts bewildered,
Enlighten Thou my needy heart!

J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Goodness and virtue! I cannot value nor comprehend them if they cost nothing. Costing nothing they disappear altogether. Without the struggle and temptation of Gethsemane, Calvary itself would have no meaning. A. S. HARDY.

"Good character is property. It is the noblest of all possessions."

SAMUEL SMILES.

Questions and doubts are mostly the devil's work. *While we are with God* we know little or nothing of them. CONVERS FRANCIS.

THOUGHTS FROM JEAN INGELOW.

Consider it
(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet
Lie groveling? More is won than e'er was lost:
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn,
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves Thee."

Words—they but render half the heart;
Deeds—they are poor to our rich will.

If God gives me work to do, I will thank Him that He has bestowed on me a strong arm; if He gives me danger to brave, I will bless Him that He has not made me without courage; but I will go down on my knees and beseech Him humbly to make me fit for my task, if He tells me it is *only* to stand and wait.

Is life a field? Then plow it up—resow
With worthier seed. Is life a ship? Oh, heed
The southing of thy stars. Is life a breath?
Breathe deeper; draw life up from hour to hour,—
Ay, from the deepest deep in thy deep soul.

Hence we may learn, if we be so inclined,
That life goes best with those who take it best;
That wit can spin from work a golden robe
To queen it in; that who can paint at will
A private picture gallery, should not cry
For shillings that will let him in to look
At some by others painted.

When I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
Of joy or good,—how little known or been;
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run;
Yet Reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice, would dare to change with none.

There are some days that die not out,
Nor alter by reflection's power,
Whose converse calm, whose words devout,
Forever rest, the spirit's dower.

Even a just punishment may become unjust, unless it is administered in the spirit of love.

What is thy thought? There is no miracle?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle. Ay, thou thyself,
Being in the world and of the world, thyself
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the world;
Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself,—
Thou art thy Father's miracle.

Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.

JEAN INGELOW.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes,—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles. DR. JOHN HALL.

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain, and only faith can do it.

J. G. HOLLAND.

"The only avenue of bliss we have
Is by the calmer by-ways of our lives,
In service of our duties traveled well
With steady foot of kindly household faith.
The eagle could not poise his wings on air
Without an eye on earth to steady them."

THOUGHTS FROM SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence: so much is there in the way of doing things.

The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the braves that were.

To praise, with anything like judgment, is the work of an artist. To condemn, to vilify, is within every man's power.

The thing which makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving.

It is only the busy and the overworked men upon whom you can throw any extra work with some chance of its being welcomed.

I believe that fatigue, simple fatigue, is the cause often of our gravest errors.

I do not know any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself, to begin with. I do not mean that people are to be self-absorbed; but they are to drink in nature and life a little. From a genial, wisely-developed man good things radiate; whereas you must allow that benevolent people are very apt to be one-sided and fussy, and not of the sweetest temper if others will not be good and happy in their way.

ARTHUR HELPS.

DELAY.

Thou dear, misunderstood, maligned Delay,
What gentler hand than thine can any know?
How dost thou soften Death's unkindly blow,
And halt his messenger upon the way!
How dost thou unto Shame's swift herald say,
"Linger a little with thy weight of woe!"
How art thou, unto those whose joys o'erflow,
A stern highwayman, bidding passion stay,
Robbing the lover's pulses of their heat
Within the lonesome shelter of thy wood!
Of all Life's varied accidents we meet,
Where can we find so great an offered good?
Even the longed-for heaven might seem less sweet
Could we but hurry to it when we would.

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness:
This is thy task on earth,
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal,
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth,
And thus exalt the soul.

ROBERT NICOLL.

"For the best that thou canst be
Is the service asked of thee."

High in the clefts of the rock, 'mid the cedars,
Hangeth the harebell the waterfall nigh;
Blue are its petals, deep-blue tinged with purple,
Mystical tintings that mirror the sky.

Amber the waters that, foaming and dashing,
Whirl the wild spray far aloft in the air;
Jagged the rocks that, piled stratum on stratum,
Earth's primal secrets and life throes lay bare.

Sturdy green cedars and graceful blue harebell,
Wild amber waters and opaline spray,
Wondrous brown rocks with strange tales of past ages,
All overarcheth the clear summer day.

Ring out, O harebell, thy loveliest measures,
Chime with the falling of waters below;
Earth's brightest glories, her purest of treasures,
Spring from some agony, some needful woe.

Signed with the cross is the form of dear Nature,
Heart's blood still ransoms each gift from the soul;
High over all bend the arms of the Maker,
Tenderly folding and blending the whole.

L. D. PYCHOWSKA.

THREE SONNETS ON PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others — that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee?

A garden so well watered before morn
Is hotly up that not the swart sun's blaze
Down beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds from scorching places borne,
Shall quite prevail to make it bare and shorn
Of its green beauty — shall not quite prevail
That all its morning freshness shall exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews return;
A blessing such as this our hearts might reap,
The freshness of the garden they might share,
Through the long day a heavenly freshness keep,
If, knowing how the day and the day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would largely steep
And water them betimes with dews of prayer.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less —
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart is prayer;
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And, though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

R. C. TRENCH.

"Without faith there is no excellence in the world; faith in something wiser, happier, diviner than we see on earth."

THOUGHTS FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SLEEP.

Sleep, death's beautiful brother,—fairest phenomenon—poetical reality,—thou sweet collapsing of the weary spirit; thou mystery that everyone knows; thou remnant of primeval innocence and bliss, for Adam *slept* in Paradise. To sleep—there's a drowsy mellifluence in the very word that would almost serve to interpret its meaning,—to shut up the senses and hoodwink the soul; to dismiss the world; to escape from one's self; to be in ignorance of our own existence; to stagnate upon the earth, just breathing out the hours, not living them—"Doing no mischief, only dreaming of it"; neither merry nor melancholy, something between both, and better than either. Best friend of frail humanity, and, like all other friends, best estimated in its loss.

Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves that rock and rise,
With endless and uneasy motion;
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.

Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come, we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Prince Henry. Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal-chamber.
Elsie. But these will fade.
Prince Henry. Themselves will fade,
But not their memory:
Memory has power
To re-create them from the dust.

What is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires.
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

WHERE SHOULD THE SCHOLAR LIVE?

Where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark gray town, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray town. Oh, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies

the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; — the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this, and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; — such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Sarine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonlight. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own and carry with us everywhere, by the power of memory.

FROM HYPERION, BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Life is short, and the Art long; the occasion fleeting; experience fallacious, and the judgment difficult. The physician must not only be prepared to do what is right himself, but also to make the patient, the attendants, and the externals coöperate. HIPPOCRATES.

With what a power of life and hope does a woman, young or old, with a face of the morning, a dress like the spring, and eyes full of sympathy,— with what a message from Nature and life does she, looking death in the face with a smile, dawn upon the vision of the invalid? She brings a little health, a little strength to fight, a little hope to endure, actually lapt in the folds of her gracious garments.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin;
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild —
Poor banished Hagar! — prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip;
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh, what pain when, at God's own command,
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry,—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak;
And He will bless you,—He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

J. Boyle O'Reilly.

REST IN THE LORD.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn,—
Would we ask why?
It is, because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's Son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy or grief;
God chooses best;
He only knows our sick souls' fit relief
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father in His tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain;
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove,
Our faith—the rain.

In His hands we are safe—we falter on
Through storm and mire;
Above, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

What tho' we fall and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust,—
God's arm shall lift us up to victory;
In Him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THOUGHTS FROM JOHN RUSKIN.

Those who have keenest sympathy are those who look closest and pierce deepest and hold securest.

One of the noblest things about a lion is his magnificent indolence, his look of utter disdain of trouble when there is no occasion for it.

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one.

God intends no man to live in this world without working; but He intends every man to be happy in his work. * * * Now in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it, they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it. JOHN RUSKIN.

Nursing is an art, and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body — the temple of God's spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts,— I had almost said, the finest of the Fine

Arts. I have seen somewhere in print that nursing is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class." Shall we say that painting or sculpture is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class"? Why limit the class at all? Or shall we say that God is only to be served in His sick by the "lower middle class"? The poorest child without shoes, the most highly-born, have alike followed all these professions with success, have alike had to undergo the hardest work, if for success. There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

SHOW THOU THY LIGHT.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind; though safer seem
In shelter to abide.
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain";
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half-heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech:
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on — thou hast the rock,
The foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

THE INNER LIFE.

Thou, who dost feel Life's vessel strand
Full-length upon the drifting sand,
And hearest breakers close at hand,
Be strong, and wait! nor let the strife,
With which the winds and waves are rife,
Disturb that sacred inner life.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Some one has said nothing but a miracle can interfere between sin and its consequences. I hold the forgiveness of sins to be such a miracle. It is a resurrection from spiritual death; it is an impartation of spiritual life; it brings back the presence of the Holy Ghost to the soul; it renews the sundered relations which bind the individual to the body of Christ; it transforms, by a spiritual correlation of forces, physical pain and a weakened body, the physical result of sin, into spiritual powers. It may not alter natural laws, but it lifts them up into a higher region; it brings back opportunities, it may even restore a wasted life, just as in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the fragments that remained were more than the original quantity.

DR. DEKOVEN.

"The power of religious influence and the essential value of religious activity are in proportion to the quality and the amount of secret religious life. The nearer the spirit dwells to the Father, the more bright and clear its light. And our Father is *in secret;* dwelleth in secret, and in secret is to be sought and found. In *secret,*—in spirit, in silence, in thought, in meditation, in prayer, in feeling. Through the door of the heart that opens inward and upward His communications of grace come in, His spirit enters to visit the soul, the divine life flows down. Through this door leads the path to highest truth. Through this door the soul correspondeth with the Deity, and in proportion to this correspondence is faith and love, is wisdom and might, is true life."

Reputation is what men and women think of us: character is what God and the angels know of us.

THOMAS PAINE.

Open thy mind to that which I reveal,
And fix it there within; for 'tis not knowledge,
The having heard without retaining it.

DANTE.

Yes and No are, for good or evil, the Giants of Life.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Deem no man in any age
Gentle for his lineage,
Though he be not highly born,
He is gentle if he doth
What 'longeth to a gentleman.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS.

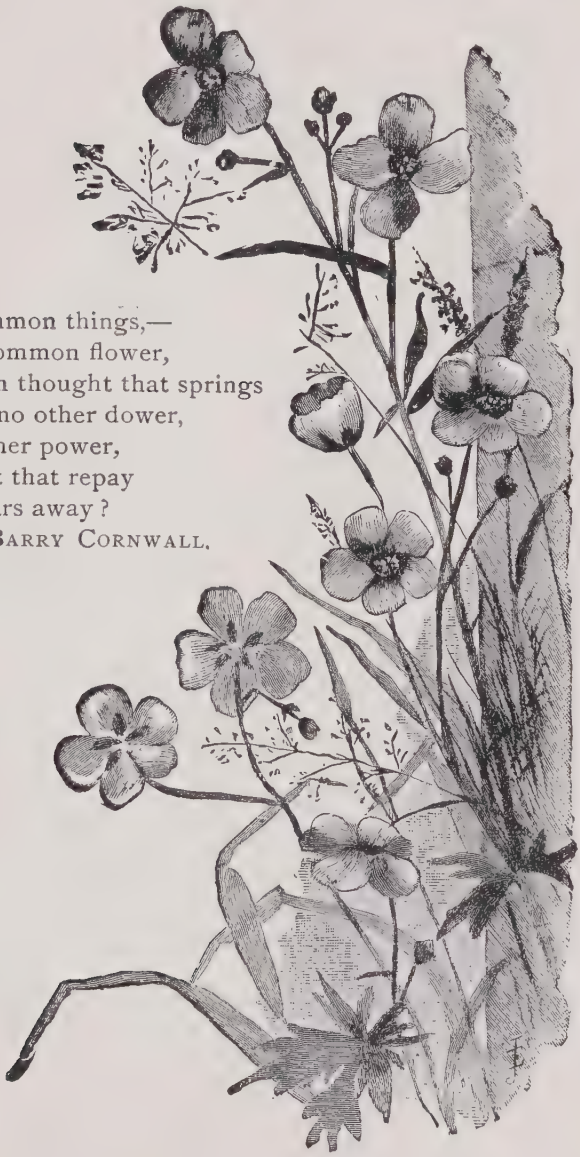
If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—
A fair return be thine;
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul
And interchange with mine.

FREDERIC SCHILLER.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look and he'll smile thy gloom away.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"I doubt if you can yet tell what it is to know the presence of the living God in and about you. * * * But believe me that, in any case, however much a man may have of it, he may have it endlessly more."



Methinks I love all common things,—
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else Fortune tears away?

BARRY CORNWALL.

Professional critics can appreciate neither rough diamonds, nor gold in bars.

Taste is the soul's literary conscience.

The surprising surprises once; the admirable is always more and more admired.

Perfection leaves nothing to wish at the first glance; but leaves always some beauty, some charm, some merit to be discovered.

JOSEPH JOUBERT.

FROM A LECTURE.

I look forward to a time when, not in the spirit of that sentimental philosophy which would speculate the moral and the immoral into indiscriminate confusion, nor of that refining Pantheism in which the All is exalted that God may be debased, but in the sincere devoutness of reverence, and trust, and love, and faith — in the true interest of the Higher Life — the questions at issue shall be, not whether the world was made in six days, but whether, having been made as it is, men are using it for the highest and holiest purposes; not whether the bush ever burned in the presence of the awed Moses, but whether, for him who has an eye to see, every tree and every shrub is not aflame with the glory of God; not whether the sun ever paused in mid-heaven to aid the warring Joshua, but whether all suns and systems of suns, all stars and constellations of stars, are not forever the waiting servants of the wrestling human race; not whether, in long gone ages, the still, small voice penetrated the attent souls of priests and prophets, and apostles, revealing truths and inspiring utterances above the range of the human, but whether there be not clear heavenly notes still lingering on the vibrant air, and tones celestial and divinely burdened for all who have an ear to hear; not whether sin came into the heart through some mysterious process of an original fall, but whether, being in the heart as it palpably is, and circulating its leprous taint through all the veins and arteries of our being,—blinding the eyes, weakening the hands, thwarting the will, poisoning the affections, destroying all peace,—it be not the wisest and best thing to get it expelled out of the heart as speedily as possible; not whether there be men of so much culture and refinement that they do not need the Lord's Christ, but whether the highest and the purest can ever

bring enough of the Divine One, with His holy life and light and love into their souls; not whether the Cross of Calvary is efficacious for the saving of a sinner from his sins, but whether there can be anything, constitution, law, custom, art, science, book, home, power, office, shop, mill, in the highest sense divinely true and good, until it has been sprinkled with the Redeemer's blood, and leavened with the Redeemer's spirit; not whether it be worth while to seek to escape from a far-off and future hell, but whether any soul can afford to linger for a solitary moment in the hell of the here and now; not whether a single faculty be God's monitor within, but whether all faculties may not be inlets of divine illumination and organs of heavenly appeal and heavenly approach; not whether one day in seven has been set apart for the hallowed uses of spiritual contemplation and rest, but whether all days, and the services of all days, may not be sublimed into psalms of devout praise to the benignant Father; not whether it be possible to gain near access and hold sweet communion with the Crucified One through the simple sacrament of bread and wine, but whether every act of our life may not be so performed as to keep Him in constant remembrance, and our own heart in a blessed fellowship of the spirit; not whether a small capital of trust and righteousness will suffice to give heirship to the heavenly inheritance, but whether it be not the crowning wisdom to have in vital and ever-increasing possession that faith, and virtue, and knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and charity, through which an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto us, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

F. A. NOBLE.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon His breast!

J. G. WHITTIER.

The heart has reasons that reason does not know. PASCAL.

"Faith, Hope and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught;
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it, too;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
'Believe! expect! — I know it to be so!'"

"As through an ill-thatched roof
The pelting rains descend,
So an unthinking mind
The stormy passions rend;
As well-thatched roofs defy the rain,
So passions crash and dash against the
thoughtful mind in vain."

FROM THE DHAMMAPADA.

He came laying His hand upon our head in sickness, His fingers upon our eyes, sighing out His soul upon us, breathing His peace into us; touching, taking us by the hand as we sink; entering into our homes; lifting us up in fever; teaching, chiding, enfolding, upholding, enlarging, inviting, encouraging, drawing, calming, controlling, commanding.

H. S. HOLLAND.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The soul once brought into an inner and immediate contact with a divine power and life is never left to itself.

J. Lewis Diman.

Is it true, O Christ in heaven!
That the wisest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest,
And most hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

Anon.

CALM ME.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold.

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.

Madame De Staël.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

Chinese Maxim.

Very rarely indeed do we receive any good gift out of the spiritual treasures of our God in ripe completeness at the first. It would be as difficult to put a full-grown grace into the soul as it is to transplant a full-grown tree. SARAH F. SMILEY.

Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop, and weed up thyme, * * * have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry,—why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—
The promise still outruns the deed
The tower, but not the spire, we build.
Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

O. W. HOLMES.

Rest, that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with Prayer.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

PRAYER.

"God is the light that lightens; near to Him there is neither cold nor darkness. He is never absent, He is always with us. * * * God, love God, who does not betray us! God, who will never abandon us! Who crowns our wishes; who satisfies His creatures with joy—joy unalloyed and infinite! God, who never wearies but ever smiles! God, who pours into the soul fresh treasures day by day; who purifies and leaves no bitterness; who is all harmony, all flame! God, who has placed Himself within our hearts to blossom there; who hearkens to our prayers; who does not stand aloof when we are His, but gives His presence absolutely! * * * * * The final life, the fruition of all other lives, to which the powers of the soul have tended, and whose merits open the Sacred Portals to perfected man, is the life of *Prayer*. Who can make you comprehend the grandeur, the majesty, the might of Prayer? May my voice, these words of mine, ring in your hearts and change them. Be *now*, here, what you may be after cruel trial! There are privileged beings, Prophets, Seers, Messengers and Martyrs, all those who suffer for the Word and who proclaim it; such souls spring at a bound across the human sphere and rise at once to Prayer. So, too, with those whose souls receive the fire of Faith. Be one of those brave souls! God welcomes boldness. He loves to be taken by violence. He will never reject those who force their way to Him. Know this! desire, the torrent of your will, is so all-powerful that a single emission of it, made with force, can obtain all; a single cry uttered under the pressure of Faith suffices. *Be* one of such beings, full of force, of will, of love! Be conquerors on the earth! Let the hunger and thirst of God possess you. Fly to Him as the hart panting for the water-brooks. Desire shall lend you its wings; tears, those blossoms of repentance, shall be the celestial baptism from which your nature will issue purified. Cast yourself on the breast of the stream in Prayer! Silence and meditation are the means of following the Way. God reveals Himself, unfailingly, to the solitary, thoughtful seeker.

It is thus that the separation takes place between matter, which so long has wrapped its darkness round you, and Spirit, which was in you from the beginning, the light which lighted you and now brings noon-day to your soul. Yes, your broken heart shall receive the light; the light shall bathe it. Then you will no longer feel convictions, they will have changed to certainties. The Poet utters; the Thinker meditates; the Righteous acts; but he who stands upon the borders

of the Divine World prays; and his prayer is word, thought, action, in one! Yes, prayer includes all, contains all; it completes nature, for it reveals to you the mind within it and its progression. White and shining virgin of all human virtues, ark of the covenant between earth and heaven, tender and strong companion partaking of the lion and of the lamb, Prayer! Prayer will give you the key of heaven! Bold and pure as innocence, strong, like all that is single and simple, this glorious, invincible Queen rests, nevertheless, on the material world; she takes possession of it; like the sun, she clasps it in a circle of light. The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays; but he must will, he must know, he must pray; in a word he must possess force, wisdom and faith.

Therefore Prayer, issuing from so many trials, is the consummation of all truths, all powers, all feelings. Fruit of the laborious, progressive, continued development of natural properties and faculties vitalized anew by the divine breath of the Word, Prayer has occult activity; it is the final worship—not the material worship of images, nor the spiritual worship of formulas, but the worship of the Divine World. We say no prayers—prayers form within us; it is a faculty which acts of itself; it has attained a way of action which lifts it outside of forms; it links the soul to God, with whom we unite as the root of the tree unites with the soil; our veins draw life from the principle of life, and we live by the life of the universe.

Prayer bestows external conviction, by making us penetrate the material world through the cohesion of all our faculties with the elementary substances; it bestows internal conviction by developing our essence and mingling it with that of the spiritual worlds. To be able to pray thus, you must attain to an utter abandonment of flesh; you must acquire through the fires of the furnace the purity of the diamond; for this complete communion with the Divine is obtained only in absolute repose, where storms and conflicts are at rest. Yes, Prayer—the aspiration of the soul freed absolutely from the body—bears all forces within it, and applies them to the constant and perseverant union of the Visible and the Invisible. When you possess the faculty of praying without weariness, with love, with force, with certainty, with intelligence, your spiritualized nature will presently be invested with power. Like a rushing wind, like a thunderbolt, it cuts its way through all things and shares the power of God. The quickness of the Spirit becomes yours; in an instant you may pass from region to region; like the Word itself, you are transported from the ends of the world to other worlds. Harmony

exists, and you are part of it! Light is there, and your eyes possess it! Melody is heard, and you echo it! Under such conditions you feel your perceptions developing, widening, the eyes of your mind reach to vast distances. There is, in truth, neither time nor place to the spirit; space and duration are proportions created for matter; spirit and matter have naught in common. Though these things take place in stillness, in silence, without agitation, without external movement, yet prayer is all action; but it is spiritual action, stripped of substantiality, and reduced, like the motion of the worlds, to an invisible, pure force. It penetrates everywhere like light; it gives vitality to souls that come beneath its rays, as nature beneath the sun. It resuscitates virtue, purifies and sanctifies all actions, peoples solitude, and gives a foretaste of eternal joys. When you have once felt the delights of the divine intoxication which comes of this internal travail, then all is yours! once take the lute on which we sing to God within your hands, and you will never part with it. * * * * * They who have reached the point where their eyes discern the Sacred Portals, who, not looking back, not uttering one regret, contemplate worlds and comprehend their destinies, such as they keep silence, wait, and bear their final struggles. * * * Sighs pierce to God from the whole universe. This earth on which we live is but a single sheaf of the great harvest; humanity is but a species in the vast garden where the flowers of heaven are cultivated. Everywhere God is like unto Himself, and everywhere, by prayer, it is easy to reach Him.

From "Seraphita," by HONORÈ DE BALZAC.

God, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run,
My Father, Friend, Beloved, dear All-One,
Thee in my soul, my soul in Thee I feel,
Self of myself.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Service is our destiny in life or in death. Then let it be my choice, living, to serve the living, and be fretted uncomplainingly. If I can assure myself of doing service, I have my home within.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only at what he does himself, to make it just and holy!

MARCUS AURELIUS.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; * * * in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony

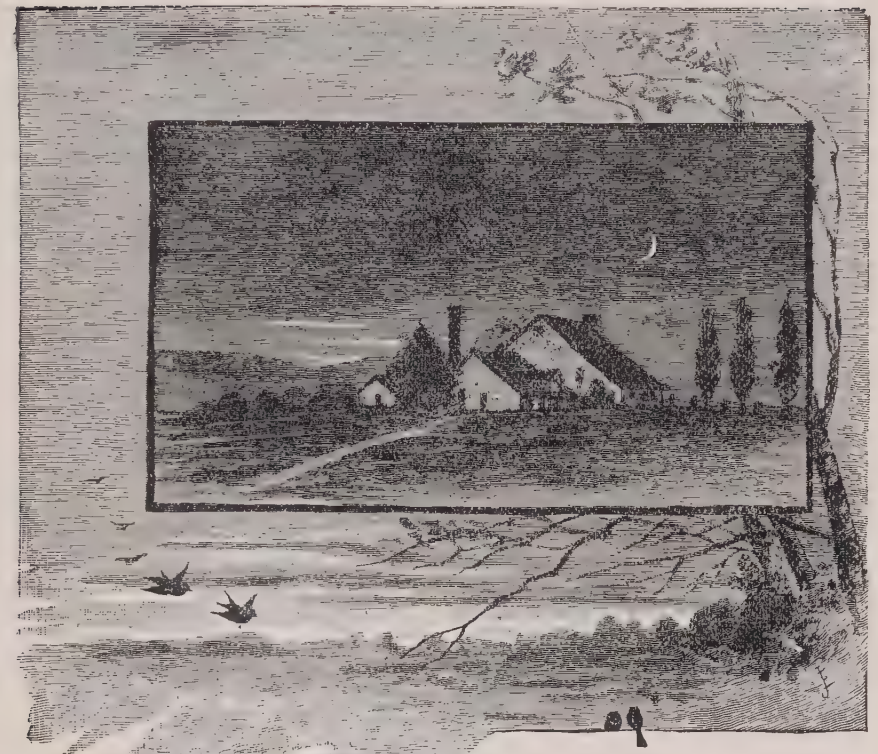
WM. HENRY CHANNING.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do:
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it. * * *
In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Who pleasure follows, pleasure slays;
God's wrath upon himself he wreaks;
But all delights rejoice his days
Who takes with thanks, yet never seeks.

COVENTRY PATMORE.



Evening Brings Us Home

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold;
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold;
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold,
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints; oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming; when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken.
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night: our tardy footsteps quicken;
At evening bring us home.

ANON.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement I have received much kindness from men and numberless mercies from God. Those kindnesses from men I can therefore only return to their fellow men; and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God by my readiness to help my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Birth, beauty, wealth, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for good additions take;
'Tis the mind's beauty keeps the others sweet.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Words are nothing, save as *we* dwell in them. The same sentence may be a sword of flame or of steel, as we ourselves are cold or hot, or if indifferent, as we often are in going through the sham fights and parades of society, a stage weapon, with neither edge, point, nor weight.

A. S. HARDY.

Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know, must love to learn.

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

Better to be forever alone than to have an indiscriminate inrush of the world into one's sanctum. L. M. CHILD.

Careless seems the Great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own!

JAMES R. LOWELL.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity!

MAX MÜLLER.

"Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough is genius."

"It's going on and up that's the fun of study, not arriving at the place; — arriving is the end."

SLEEP.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath;
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Bad Thought's a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart,
And, if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

ANON.

I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name, sacred to the useful and embellishing arts, may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties, numbers and figures! Oh, that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity! Oh, that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of entity with the two predicaments, so that I were exempted from this miserable study! Discipline of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brain will be as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Enjoy the glory of the sun, and do not put out your eyes by trying to count the spots upon his face."

"Politeness is like an air-cushion; it may have nothing very solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully."

It is when we are most worthy of confidence ourselves that we are least apt to distrust others. J. F. COOPER.

No man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

T. B. MACAULAY.

While you, you think
What others think, or what you think they'll say,
Shaping your course by something scarce more tangible
Than dreams, at best the shadows on the stream
Of aspen trees by flickering breezes swayed —
Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,—
I am not the utter slave which that man is
Whose sole word, thought, and deed, are built on what
The world may say of him.

ANON.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it. THOMAS FULLER.

"I know that I have uncontrolled power over one unit in creation, and it's my business in life to govern that one as well as possible."

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself.

THOMAS FULLER.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

WILLIAM COWPER.

We are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are; albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We are no less selfish! If we sleep on rocks
Or roses, sleeping past the hour of noon,
We're lazy.

E. B. BROWNING.

I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with the never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy. I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers;
And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over Nature.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee;
For deeds, not words, make each man's memory stable.
If what thou dost is good, its good all men will see:
Musk by its smell is known, not by its label."

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

"Elaboration is not beauty, and sandpaper has never finished a piece of bad work."

Everyone is alone who has an individual nature: there is no complete agreement BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

The little dissatisfaction, which every artist feels at the completion of a work, forms the germ of a new work. IDEM.

We must be strong and know that hatred is death, that love alone is life, and that according to our love, so great is the measure of the life and divinity within us. IDEM.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow. Nature is the art of God. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part that kings or laws can cause or cure.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

FROM "JOHN INGLESANT."

If I be silent, 'tis no more but fear
That I should say too little when I speak.

LADY CAREW.

With God go even over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy if I could say how much.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

No man who is not as strong as he can be, and making himself stronger in a piety that is muscular and adventurous, is really righteous. * * * By just so much as goodness lacks greatness or strong qualities, it comes short of being divinely good.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kenning wrang,
To step aside is human.

* * * * *

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone;
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute—
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ah, the waste of health and strength in the young; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature which are the will of God about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey, as we are bound to know and to obey the spiritual laws whereon depends the welfare of our souls.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

VAN RYK.

If you mark, my lord,
Mostly a rumor of such things precedes
The certain tidings.

PHILIP.

It is strange, yet true,
That doubtful knowledge travels with a speed
Miraculous, which certain cannot match.
I know not why, when this or that has chanced,
The smoke outruns the flash, but so it is.

HENRY TAYLOR.

When a soul is found sincerely pure,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the soul,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

JOHN MILTON.

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND FOR ENGLAND.

MAY, 1833.

Unto the winds and waves I now commit
My body, subject to the will of heaven;
Its resting-place may be the watery pit,—
'Tis His alone to take, who life has given.
But, O ye elements! the deathless soul,
Impalpable, outsoaring time and space,
Submits not to your mightiest control,
Nor meanly dwells in any earthly place.
Ocean may bleach, earth crumble, worms devour,
Beyond identity, its wondrous frame;
Decay blights not the spiritual flower,
Nor age suppresses the ethereal flame.
Thus thy dread sting, O Death! I dare to brave;
Thus do I take from thee the victory, O Grave!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The world is too much with us: late and soon;
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers!
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our lives away, a sordid boon.
The sea, that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are regathered now, like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus, rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DIABOLUS THE DOUBTER.

FROM "THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY," BY GOTTLIEB L. I. SCHEFER.

Diabolus the devil is the doubter,
The caviler, the sceptic, who forever
Has doubts of being, love, and of the good
He ought to do: who in his dark distrust
Of all the truth that stirs within his heart,
Would fain exempt himself from virtue's law,
From action, and at last ends in despair.
And wouldst thou know who is the angel now?
He who believes in all the good and fair
He finds in others, loves to find it there;
Finds love in God, and God's love everywhere
Throughout the universe, and gladliest
In his own bosom: who to satisfy
His honor, to be worthy of himself,
So lives as if God always looked on him!
That man, and only he, who lives a life
Worthy of God, lives the true life of man.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees, it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Nor serve we only when we gird
Our hearts for special ministry;
That creature best has minister'd,
Which is what it was meant to be."

The only way in this world to get peace is to make it out of pain."

I work in freedom wild,
But work as plays a little child,
Sure of the Father, Self and Love alone.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Which is the coward among us? He who sneers at the failings of humanity.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

"It is never too late to give up our prejudices."

Service is the noble office on earth, and when kings do service let them take the first honors of the State.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The ends of culture truly conceived are best attained by forgetting culture and aiming higher.

J. C. SHAIRP.

All the possible charities of life ought to be cultivated; and where we can neither be brethren nor friends, let us be kind neighbors and pleasant acquaintances.

EDMUND BURKE.

What seems (to me) to grow fairer as life goes by, is the grace and love and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of little children, and the friendship of friends, and the cosy talk by the fireside, and the sight of flowers, and the sound of music

J. R. GREEN.

"All noble things are difficult to do."

The Ideal of Beauty is Simplicity and Repose.

R. W. EMERSON.

The most difficult of the fine arts is the fine art of living together.

DAVID SWING.

"Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; happiness is a great love and much serving."

He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, in *Christian Union.*